

1952

Spartalogue

EDITED BY
W. J. H. H. H. H. H.
W. J. H. H. H. H. H.



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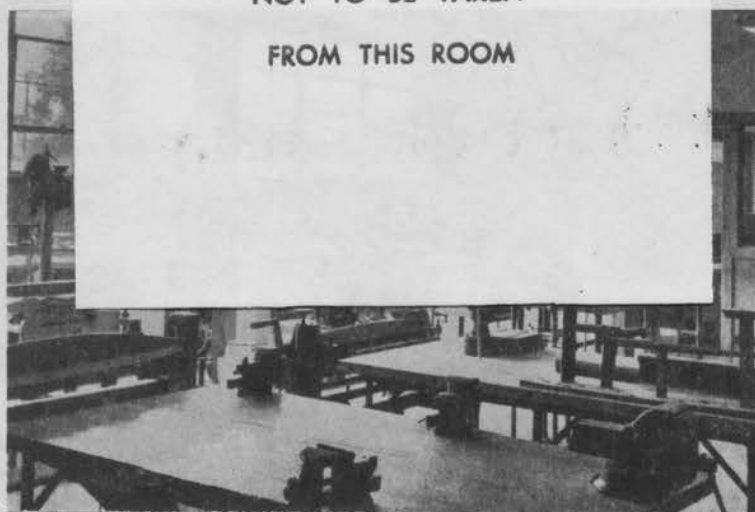
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H. R. H. Queen Elizabeth II

April 21, 1926, at Bruton Street in London's west end, Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary presented herself as the first child of the Duke and Duchess of York. The Duke, second son of the then reigning monarch—George V—was a quiet, unassuming, likeable man. The attractive Duchess with a friend-begetting smile was a daughter of the Scottish Earl of Strathmore. Fortunately, Princess Elizabeth inherited many of the enviable qualities of her father and mother. She acquired additional attributes through affectionate and understanding parental guidance. As a result, we are proud to proclaim as our queen a young woman of outstanding character and accomplishments.

At the age of four, the chubby little girl with the deep blue eyes and golden brown hair named herself "Lilibet" in a sincere effort to say "Elizabeth". To the little princess, King George V was "Grandpa England" and the Prince of Wales was "Uncle Bertie". A happy, care-free childhood was hers.

As "Lilibet" reached her tenth birthday, "Grandpa England" passed away and "Uncle Bertie" became Edward VIII. In December 1936, her father ascended the throne, and the princess became heiress presumptive. Though only eleven, she stood proudly beside her father, King George VI, on the balcony of Buckingham Palace as the masses acclaimed him following the coronation ceremonies.

From this point on, life for Elizabeth took on a serious aspect. To supplement her well-rounded education, there began the intensive study of constitutional history and of matters pertinent to the responsibilities in life that she would be expected to assume. The young princess graciously accepted her duties with unmistakable devotion and seriousness.

On the eve of her sixteenth birthday, the princess granted her first official audience by receiving the Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. The following day, the regiment, of which she was honorary colonel, was inspected by Her Royal Highness.

During the terrifying war years, Princess Elizabeth became patroness of many national and patriotic societies, attended launchings and dedications, visited areas of war disasters in her homeland, and endeared herself to the hearts of the people that one day she would rule. She was an officer in the Auxiliary Territorial Service and was actively associated in the Girl Guide movement. Official assignments took her to Ireland and Scotland.

As the princess neared her twenty-first birthday, the world became keenly interested in her coming marriage to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten of the Royal Navy—November 20, 1947. She became the mother of Prince Charles on October 14, 1948 and of Princess Anne on August 15, 1950.

Princess Elizabeth and her personable husband, Prince Philip, flew to Canada on October 8, 1951. The Royal Tour extended from coast to coast and included an official visit to Washington, D.C. On the westward phase of the tour, the Royal train pulled into Windsor in the early hours of October 15. The city was gaily decorated, and the day was warm and sunny. Seeing their Highnesses was a memorable event that will linger long in the mind of Windsor's citizens—especially the children, who were given every opportunity for a real "close-up".

In Kenya Colony, February 6, just as she had begun her long trip to Australia, Princess Elizabeth received the shocking news that her beloved father had passed away unexpectedly in his slumber. She wept as any devoted daughter might, but regained composure immediately. She was now a Queen! Inspired by that inherited devotion to duty, Elizabeth realized that now she must accept the arduous task which had been so nobly borne by her late father. Grief-stricken, she and her husband left immediately by plane for London.

As she stepped on English soil, Her Royal Highness realized that her Royal Duties came first. Straightway, she became engaged in signing state documents, taking the oath of accession and hearing herself proclaimed Queen with the promise, "I shall always work—to uphold constitutional government and to advance the happiness and prosperity of my peoples."

The Queen's first state engagement, as head of the Royal House, was to attend her father's funeral.

When the Queen decides, the date for the coronation will be set. In Westminster Abbey, she will sit in the Coronation Chair over the Ancient Stone of Scone and will be crowned Queen Elizabeth II, by Grace of God Queen of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the seas, Queen, Defender of the Faith.

"Send her victorious
Happy and glorious
Long to reign over us
God save the Queen!"

—Morley A. Pattison.



H. R. H. Queen Elizabeth II

Our Best Foot — Where Is It?

The alarm is sounded. Panic seizes the public. Immediately a series of investigations is embarked upon, reports gathered, statistics compiled. What is it this time? At present, we are the topic under discussion—we, the teen-agers. A sociological problem they call us. We are, at first glance, wild, irresponsible, and a menace to society—not all of us, granted, but such an astounding proportion that a whole nation is roused. Parents and educators take stock, while our own complacency is shaken.

First of all let us look at the charges—delinquency, dope addition, reckless driving, immorality. Juvenile delinquency, we are told, is on the way up. Still, the publicity given to teen-age crime greatly over-rates its prevalence. For each baby-sitter that goes berserk there are thousands of others who fill their jobs competently. Nor are we all dope addicts as some would believe; we thank God for endowing us with enough sense to realize the usurping power of drugs. As for immorality—this again is a serious charge. However, in all fairness to young people, it must be admitted that sensationalism makes headlines and as a result a small number of immoral teen-agers are destroying the good name of a much larger group of God-fearing boys and girls.

To reckless driving we are forced to plead guilty. The tragic evidence is overwhelming. Uncontrolled speed and the gamble on life are not cheap thrills when the toll is taken. However, the madmen at the wheel are usually well-known to their parents or friends, and as such they should be forbidden the use of a car. In their hands a vehicle becomes a weapon. If we would help to curb reckless driving, we would be clearing a black reputation, deserved by a minority but borne by all of us.

With these charges against us, are we to condemn ourselves as a generation of failures? Emphatically no, we have not failed yet! True, we are starting out with a black eye. No one knows better than we what our faults and limitations are; but we also know that, headlines, statistics, and surveys to the contrary, our ideals are as high as those of every other generation!

We must realize that the whole story does not lie in the headlines and that the same stamp does not stick to all of us. Generalizing can become a dangerous habit. There are always heroes to match the villains, success stories for the failures. What path will we, who are the constant source of anxiety to parents and teachers, follow? If we cannot promise to be brilliant successes, each and every one, we can at least confound the alarmists by becoming solid citizens.

—Pat Rigg, Editor.

Acknowledgments

We try to thank in this section those people whose efforts have been untiring in the composition of the 1952 Spartalogue.

First, because they are the first, we thank our advisory editors, Miss Scarfone and Miss Harris. With unlimited patience and enthusiasm they have guided the staff through all the trials and tribulations of compiling material for the year book.

Without the financial aid of our advertisers, there would be no Spartalogue. Their ads enable us to sell you a \$2.50 year book for 75 cents. We hope the students will patronize these advertisers at every opportunity. The advertising committee deserves credit for soliciting the advertisements.

We express our gratitude to the English department, and especially to Miss Munnings, for the stories and poems that appear in the literary section.

Pictures make the year book an everlasting treasure to all of us. Tom Noble has given freely of his time to look after the taking and developing of all these photographs. Special praise also goes to the budding young artists whose sketches decorate the magazine's pages.

The material which we write in our scrawling, illegible handwriting is deciphered by Commercial students who willingly take on the task of typing it. Miss Scarfone has found Irene Stretavsky an especially cheerful typist.

—The Editors.



SPARTALOGUE STAFF

Seated: Judy Steadman, Eva Patterson.
 Second Row: Tom Noble, Dolores DeFields, Mary Jane Makar, Pat Rigg, Ruth Richards, Pat Kay, Melvin Steinhart.
 Back Row: Jean Clarke, Marilyn Sinclair, Jim Madge, Tom Klein, Sandy Robertson, Anne Haeberlin, Cecile Lavergne, Margaret Bradley.

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 Literary and Activities Editors Ruth Richards, Dolores DeFields, Pat Kay
 Class News Shirley Burnett, Miriam Dryden
 Photography Tom Noble
 Art Marilyn Snyder, Eva Patterson, Zenon Zubricki
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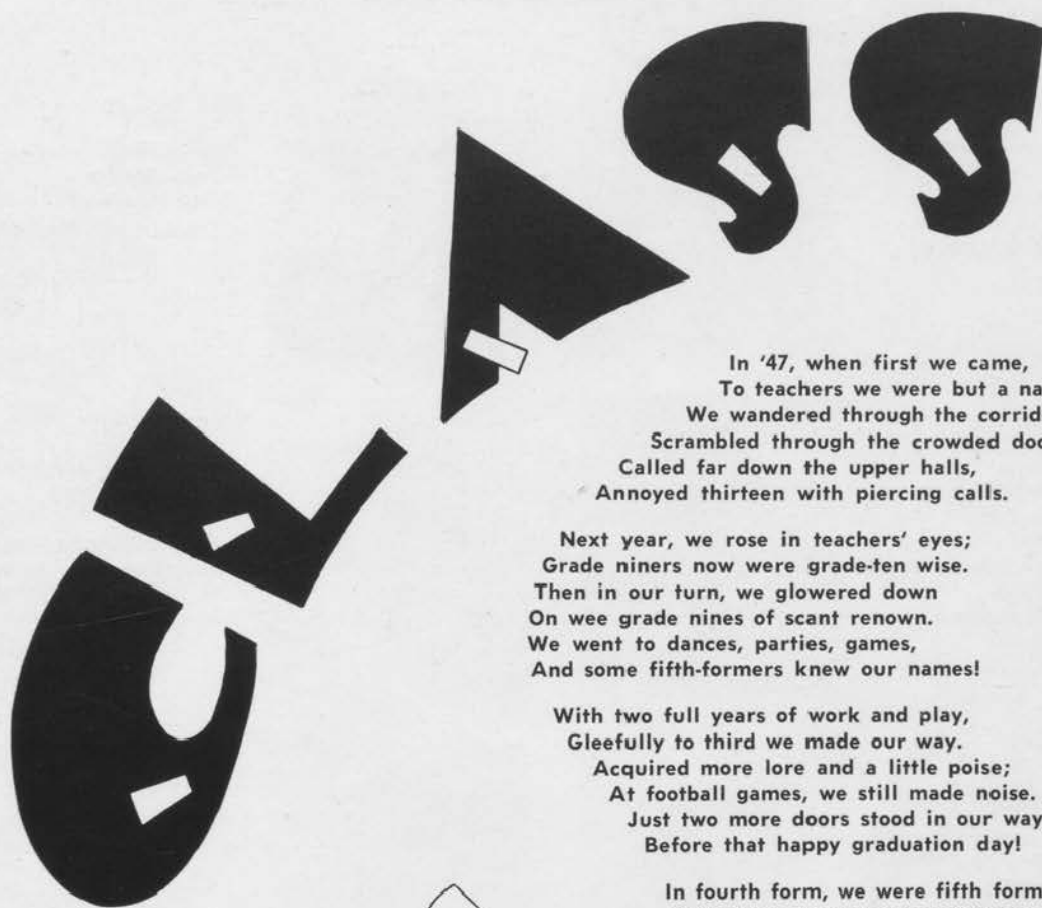
S. C. I. STAFF

Third Row: Mr. Steadman, Mr. Krol, Mr. Brown, Mr. Whetstone, Mr. Courtney, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Silcox.
 Middle Row: Miss Scarfone, Miss Weller, Miss Scanlan, Miss Munnings, Miss Graham, Miss Harris.
 Front Row: Mr. Robinson, Miss Gurney, Miss Lovegrove, Miss Philpot, Mrs. Haeberlin, Miss Grant, Mr. Forster.



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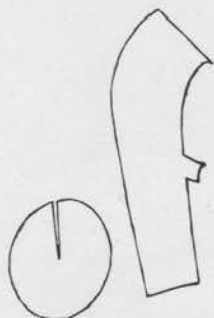
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 Second Row: Marilyn Stafford, Doug Paton, Mary Jean Henderson, Frank Dietzel, Jean Law, Michael Moore, Doreen Wells.



In '47, when first we came,
To teachers we were but a name.
We wandered through the corridors,
Scrambled through the crowded doors,
Called far down the upper halls,
Annoyed thirteen with piercing calls.

Next year, we rose in teachers' eyes;
Grade niners now were grade-ten wise.
Then in our turn, we glowered down
On wee grade nines of scant renown.
We went to dances, parties, games,
And some fifth-formers knew our names!

With two full years of work and play,
Gleefully to third we made our way.
Acquired more lore and a little poise;
At football games, we still made noise.
Just two more doors stood in our way
Before that happy graduation day!



In fourth form, we were fifth form's pals,
(Fifth-form boys and fourth-form gals).
Chemistry, untried by eager brains,
Bewildered us with nuclear chains.
Exams went by; we passed them all;
And there was thirteen, when round flew fall.

Ah! now we were the patriarchs
Of S.C.I.! - - - Please, no remarks!
We gazed at nines benevolently,
And smiled on tens quite frequently.
And almost envied them the days
They would enjoy in countless ways.



Years from now we'll sneak a look
Back to those days, in our memory book,
When Sandwich spirit was the best
And Sandwich girls beat all the rest;
When W.O.S.S.A. was a yearly trip
And the girls brought back the championship;
When long assemblies were the thing - - -
We'd wait all week for the bell to ring;
When operettas brought renown
And gave to us the music crown;
But most of all, we will recall
A Sandwich by-word - - -
ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL!

MELVIN STEINHART and DOLORES DeFIELDS

Upper School

DONALD ALEXANDER

S.A. Choir, operetta, officers' corps
 Desc. Gil Dodds
 Amb. Minister
 Fut. Three-hour sermons



JOAN BRADLEY

S.A. Choir, operetta
 Desc. Giggles
 Amb. Teacher
 Fut. "Dance Me Louis"



BILL ALEXANDER

S.A. Choir, Officers' Corps, Football, Basketball, Drama
 Desc. Le frère de Don
 Amb. Jeweller
 Fut. Alexander, Birks & Ryrie, Officers' Corps
 S.A. Hockey, Spartalogue,



DOLORES DEFIELDS

S.A. Choir, operetta, Ecclesia, Spartalogue
 Desc. Dodo
 Amb. Pharmacist
 Fut. Preparing Pinkham's Pink Pills for particularly pale people



ROBERT DAGENAIS

S.A. Football, hockey, operetta, Dance Committee, swimming
 Desc. 90° shoulders
 Amb. To sail the Pacific on a raft
 Fut. 20,000 leagues under the sea



JAMES GRIER

S.A. Dance Committee, Spartalogue, public speaking, operetta, Ecclesia, Officers' corps
 Desc. The late Jim Grier
 Amb. Doctor
 Fut. Dr. Saw-her-off, D.O.A.



MARY JO HOPKINS

S.A. Basketball, volleyball, track, Ecclesia, library, choir, Spartalogue, Drama, Dance Committee
 Desc. Tall girl—third row
 Amb. Teacher
 Fut. Feeding giraffes in the zoo



MARK JOHNSTON

S.A. Public Speaking, Drama
 Desc. Meticulous Mark
 Amb. "Forest Stranger"
 Fut. Tim-berr - - -



PATRICIA KAY

S.A. Drama, choir, operetta, public speaking, Spartalogue
 Desc. A-choo-o-o-o - -
 Amb. To travel
 Fut. Chief stoker on a slow boat to China



EILEEN KING

S.A. Volleyball, drama, official scorer
 Desc. Carrot-top
 Amb. Teacher
 Fut. Three R's—Readin', Ritin' and Romance



Upper School

THOMAS KLEIN

S.A. Drama, Officers' corps, public speaking, Spartalogue, Ecclesia, Dance Committee
 Desc. Fidgets
 Amb. M.D.
 Fut. Steady, boy!!



JOHN LINDSAY

S.A. Drama, Public speaking, signals
 Desc. Johnny-on-the-spot
 Amb. Radio Chemist
 Fut. Repairing T.V. sets



MARY JANE MAKAR

S.A. Choir, operetta, Spartalogue, Ecclesia
 Desc. Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes
 Amb. Journalist
 Fut. Writing advice to the love-lorn



CLIFTON J. MOLYNEAUX

S.A. Football, band
 Desc. Mol-ee-noo!!
 Amb. C.J.—Big Exec.
 Fut. Going even Stephen



DAVID McCUAIG

S.A. Basketball, Officers' corps, football, track, band
 Desc. Inquisitive
 Amb. Electrical Engineer
 Fut. What a shock!



CLIFTON PATTISON

S.A. Football, track
 Desc. Which Pattison has the permanent?
 Amb. To clean up at Carnegie
 Fut. Janitor at the library.



RUTH RICHARDS

S.A. Choir, operetta, Drama, Spartalogue, Ecclesia
 Desc. Small package
 Amb. Exchange teacher
 Fut. Lost in the exchange



PATRICIA RIGG

S.A. Volleyball, Spartalogue, Ecclesia, Drama, Dance Committee
 Desc. Tubby
 Amb. Journalist
 Fut. Raving reporter



HUGH ROBERTSON

S.A. Hockey, Spartalogue, Officers' Corps
 Desc. "Hoot Mon"
 Amb. Medicine
 Fut. Dosing up



SHIRLEY SAUL

S.A. Choir, operetta
 Desc. The Wee One
 Amb. To go West
 Fut. Busting broncos



Upper School

EDWARD SKOCZEN

S.A. Football, basketball, track,
choir, operetta, Ecclesia
Desc. Laughing-boy
Amb. To see Paris
Fut. "Follies Bergere"



DIANE STEPHEN

S.A. Drama, Spartalogue
Desc. Easy-going
Amb. Lab. Technician
Fut. Cliff dweller



MELVIN STEINHART

S.A. Drama, Spartalogue,
Ecclesia, Signals
Desc. "Goose"
Amb. Dentist
Fut. Flying South



GEORGE SUTTON

S.A. Ecclesia, football, basket-
ball, swimming, Spartalogue
Desc. "Moose"
Amb. Teacher
Fut. Sallying forth



STEVEN SZEKESY

S.A. Hockey
Desc. Reserved
Amb. To study phonetics
Fut. What makes a phon-ee-tic?



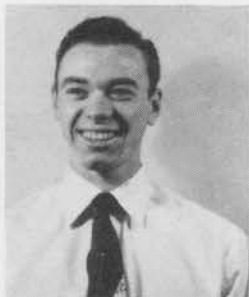
JOHN THOMSON

S.A. Football, basketball, track,
swimming
Desc. Inscrutable
Amb. Welder
Fut. Chief welder at Thomson's
Welding Service



ROBERT WELLS

S.A. Hockey, Operetta
Desc. Well . . .
Amb. Well, Well!
Fut. Well, Well, Well!!



MYRNA WRIGHT

S.A. Drama
Desc. Always "Wright"
Amb. Commercial artist
Fut. Comment ça va?



COMMERCIAL

IRENE CUNNINGHAM

(Jr. Matric and Comm.)
S.A. Basketball, volleyball,
drama, choir, swimming
Desc. "Blue eyes"
Amb. To be a teller
Fut. Telling fairy tales



GRADUATES

ELLA EBERWEIN

(Jr. Matric and Comm.)
S.A. Basketball, volleyball,
drama, track, Ecclesia, choir
Desc. Gabby
Amb. To raise Coutties
Fut. A house full



Commercial Graduates

JEAN ALEXANDER

(Jr. Matric and Comm.)

S.A. Library, choir, operetta
Desc. Blue-Jean
Amb. To learn to waltz and polka
Fut. Jivin' with Jim



BETTY BATE

(Jr. Matric and Comm.)

S.A. Basketball, volleyball, swimming, track, drama, choir, Spartalogue
Desc. Happy-Go-Lucky
Amb. Bookkeeper
Fut. Bookie



BARBARA BENNETT

(Jr. Matric and Comm.)

S.A. Ecclesia, library, drama, choir
Desc. Chic
Amb. To cook
Fut. Stewed



ELIZABETH BRUCE

(Jr. Matric and Comm.)

S.A. Dance Committee, library, volleyball, official scorer
Desc. Charming
Amb. To visit China
Fut. In the Orient



JOAN CUMMINGS

(Commercial Diploma)

S.A. Volleyball
Desc. Short and sweet
Amb. To join the Air Force
Fut. Sky high



MARJORIE QUAYLE

(Commercial Diploma)

S.A. Volleyball, Spartalogue
Desc. Affable
Amb. To join the Waves
Fut. Seasick



BERNICE ROBINSON

(Jr. Matric and Comm.)

S.A. Drama, choir, Spartalogue
Desc. Curly
Amb. To learn to type
Fut. Bound to Bob



JOAN RUDKIN

(Jr. Matric and Comm.)

S.A. Basketball, volleyball, swimming, drama, track, Spartalogue, Ecclesia
Desc. Shy??
Amb. Man-hater
Fut. Girling



SHIRLEY STERRY

(Jr. Matric and Comm.)

S.A. Spartalogue, drama, cheer leader, operetta
Desc. Tom girl
Amb. To be a Taylor
Fut. Well-suited



IRENE STRETAUSKY

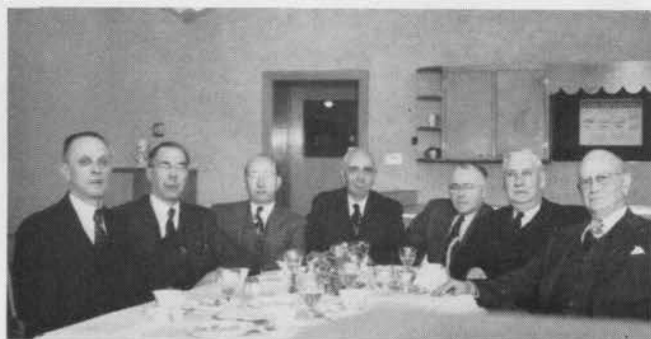
(Jr. Matric and Comm.)

S.A. Spartalogue, drama
Desc. Dreamer
Amb. To raise thoroughbreds
Fut. Working in a glue factory



What's He Doing Now?

NAME	PRESENT LOCATION	OCCUPATION OR COURSE
BARBARA ADAMS	J. T. Wing Co.	Stenographer
HOWARD ALLAN	Imperial Bank of Canada	Bookkeeper
BETTE BUCHANAN	Florida	Secretary
ELIZABETH CHERY	Assumption College	Lab Technician
BILL CORBETT	Stephen's Accounting	Accountant
VICTOR DOMAGALA	Stephen's Accounting	Accountant
LESLIE DOWDELL	Assumption College	B. A. Course
EVELYN ENGLAND	Normal School	Teacher
PATRICIA FILLINGHAM	Grace Hospital	Student Nurse
DAVID GATFIELD	Queen's University	Medicine
EDWARD HALVERSON	Montreal	Working in atomic plant
CAROL HEAD	MacDonald Hall	Home Economics
DOROTHY HOPPS	H. E. P. C.	Stenographer
LORNE HUNTER	Duplate Glass	Temporary employment
SUSAN LECHMAN	Assumption College	Lab Technician
FRED MacLENNAN	University of Western Ontario	Business Administration
SHEILA MALCOLM	Confederation Life Insurance	Stenographer
KENNETH McCUAIG	University of Toronto	Medicine
LILLIAN MITCHELL	University of Toronto	Teacher
GERALD PATTERSON	Ford Trade School	Industrial Design
KATHLEEN PILLON	Bank	Clerk
JOYCE POSTLETHWAITE	Board of Education	Stenographer
ROSS ROBINSON	Normal School	Teacher
PATRICIA RICKERBY	Windsor Business College	Senior Business Course
GORDON SCRATCH	Ford Motor Company	Office
ROBERT SRIGLEY	Wayne University	B. A. Degree
HELEN STRETAWSKY	Manufacturer's Life Insurance	Stenographer
ROBERT WALKER	Imperial Bank of Canada	Clerk
DONNA WISEMAN	Windsor Medical Office	Bookkeeper



Mr. Forster, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Ord, Mr. Ball, Mr. Robinson,
Mr. Marshall, Mr. Noble

Since the completion of our addition, we have had many visitors inspecting the new rooms which are Mr. Forster's pride and joy. Among these have been the principals of the other Windsor secondary schools, a group of teachers from Monroe County, Michigan, and the members of the Board of Education. Pictured above are the secondary school principals with Mr. Noble and Mr. Robinson, after a tasty chicken dinner served by Miss Grant's Home Economics class.

Staff Changes

This year's addition to the staff from the University of Western Ontario is Mr. Krol, who teaches history and physical education. Mr. Krol, a star athlete during his high school years at Kennedy Collegiate, has now taken over the coaching of the senior basketball team and has been a great help to Mr. Steadman with the senior football team. We sincerely hope that Mr. Krol will enjoy his work at Sandwich.

Mrs. George Boyd graciously consented to come to Sandwich as a "half-day teacher". She has afternoon classes of French. By the way, the little fellow who lent his talent and personality to the "Mikado" cast was none other than Mrs. Boyd's young son "Stewey".

Miss Marian Ellis left in her little Hillman Minx to take a new position at Leaside Collegiate in Toronto. All of us knew Miss Ellis as a good friend and excellent teacher. Everyone joins in wishing her luck and happiness in the future.

Another popular teacher who has left our midst is Mrs. Pressnail, better known to the student body as Miss Spracklin. We wish her luck in her new position at Brooklin Continuation School.

Commencement 1951

All honour and glory shone upon our Upper School Graduates of 1951 as they returned to receive their diplomas at Commencement. In many cases, scholarships for high scholastic achievement were awarded.

Scholarships

To Kenneth McCuaig, outstanding student of the Class of '51, went the Royal Jubilee Chapter I.O.D.E. General Proficiency Award of \$150 for the highest nine papers, and the Colonel Walter McGregor Chapter, I.O.D.E. Bursary of \$150 for General Proficiency. Although not presented at Commencement, three other scholarships were won by Ken—the Michigan Student Aid Foundation Scholarship of \$400 yearly until he finishes his studies, the University of Toronto bursary for \$250, and the University of Toronto Medical Alumni Scholarship of \$200 awarded for the highest nine papers for first year medical students.

Lillian Mitchell was presented with the Edith E. Bowlby Memorial Scholarship by the Mary E. Gooderham Chapter, I.O.D.E. for obtaining the highest marks in Upper School English in Windsor and Riverside. Ross Robinson was awarded the Colonel E. S. Wigle Chapter I.O.D.E. Bursary of \$150 for General Proficiency.

David Gatfield won a bursary of \$150 for General Proficiency from the Mary E. Gooderham Chapter, I.O.D.E.

Graduation Diplomas

The following honour graduates received diplomas: Howard Allan, Elizabeth Chery, William Corbett, Victor Domagala, Leslie Dowdell, Evelyn England, David Gatfield, Edward Halverson, Carolyn Head, Lorne Hunter, Kenneth McCuaig, Lillian Mitchell, Kathleen Pilon, Patricia Rickerby, Ross Robinson, Gordon Scratch, Robert Walker.

Commercial Diplomas were presented to Barbara Adams, Betty Buchanan, Patricia Fillingham, Dorothy Hopps, Joyce Postlethwaite, Helen Stretavsky, and Donna Wiseman.

Forty-eight Junior Matriculation Certificates were also awarded.

Entertainment

The programme for the evening consisted of an entertaining play, "The Ghost of a Show", directed by Miss Weller and student director Mel Steinhart. The Girls' Choir sang three selections—"My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land", "The Prayer" from "Hansel and Gretel", and Tschaiakowsky's "Waltz of the Flowers". At the close of the presentations, the Mixed Choir sang "St. Antony's Chorale" and "Halleluyah Amen". Both choirs were directed by Miss Scanlan and accompanied by Shirley Saul and Sandra McLeay.

Presentations to Outstanding Students

Honour pins, the highest award the school can bestow, were presented to four outstanding senior students: Kenneth McCuaig, Lillian Mitchell, Ross Robinson, and Susanne Lechman.

Service pins went to Anne Halverson and John Lindsay for Drama; Jack Boyer for Rugby; Thomas Noble for Spartalogue; Dawn Biggin and Dolores DeFields for Operetta; Edwin Wagner for Hockey; Ronald Finn for Band; Lorne Hunter for Cadets;



SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

Left to Right: **Ken McCuaig, Lillian Mitchell, Ross Robinson.**
Absent: **David Gatfield.**

Donald Bradley for Signalling; John Cleminson for other worthy activities.

The Malcolm Fursey Shield for Public Speaking was presented to Lillian Mitchell and Kenneth McCuaig, winners of the Senior Public Speaking Contests. Ronald Wilson received a Crest and Medal for winning the W.S.S.A. and W.O.S.S.A. Junior Boys' Public Speaking. School prizes were awarded to the winners of the school public speaking contests—Anne Johnston, Ronald Wilson, Lillian Mitchell, and Kenneth McCuaig.

Academic pins were won by individual students in each form for the highest yearly average. The winners were Jill Armstrong 9A, Catherine Copeland 9B, Susan Smith 9C, Julie Toth 9D, David Rudkin 9E, Jean McAlpine 10A, Anne Haeberlin 10B, Eileen Higgins 10C, Archie Dease 10D, Jacquelyn Welch 11A, Shirley Burnett 11B, Dolores DeFields 12A, John Lindsay 12B, Kenneth McCuaig 13A, Helen Stretavsky 13C.

Athletic Awards

The athletic prowess of our Sandwich girls again enabled them to receive their fair share of the awards. Martha Elliott was given the Senior Girl W.S.S.A. Track Championship Medal. The Track Team—W.S.S.A. Champions—won the David A. Croll Shield, the Joan Mary Gatfield Memorial Trophy, and the Mayor Arthur J. Reaume Trophy. W.O.S.S.A. Volleyball crests were presented to the members of the Senior Girls' Volleyball Team. Many girls received letters for swimming, track, and basketball.

The Robert Parent Memorial Bowl for the Junior Boys' Track and Field Championship was awarded to Jerry Weingarden. Lorne Hunter was awarded the W.S.S.A. Senior Championship Medal as well as the Wallace H. Gauthier Cup. Letters went to the members of the basketball, football, and hockey teams.

As usual, an hour of dancing concluded the very enjoyable evening.



12A

Back Row: Bob Wade, Jim Oliver, Bill Kerr, Ian Hamilton, Morris Murchison,

Third Row: Walt Tereschyn, Walt Parashak, Robert Willoughby, Alex Harris, Alan Trothen, Don MacLennan, Douglas Bertram.

Second Row: Ruth Lloyd, Shirley Johnson, Miriam Dryden, Pat Shangenuk, Mr. Steadman, Jackie Welch, Ethel Mercer, Joyce Wells, Marilyn Sylvester.

Front Row: Nellie Zajac, Betty Steer, Lorraine Courtin, Betty Holdsworth, Florence Senfa, Gail Morris, Shirley Burnett, Dorothy Leonard.



12B

Back Row: Harry Fiddler, Richard Dungy, Jack Boyer, Ed Beattie, Warren Dawson, John Pierce.

Third Row: Alan Brent, Bob Sorenson, Bob Minnice, Bob King, Stan Drabek, Ron Finn, Tom Noble.

Second Row: Ken Wagner, Don Bradley, Margaret Kossman, Joan Hodges, Marilyn Snyder, Richard Sorenson, Jim Madge.

Front Row: Connie Duda, Ruth Dowdell, Pat Cave, Miss Weller, Lois Bowley, Wilma Backhouse, Jo-Anne Sneddon, Dorothy Smith.



11, 12 & 13C

Back Row: Irene Cunningham, Helen Loc-
kiec, Marjorie Quayle, Barbara Rose, Mr.
Courtney, Eda Pylypiw, Betty Bruce, Jean
Alexander.

Third Row: Betty Bate, Joan Rudkin, Barbara
Bennett, Ella Eberwein, Irene Stretavsky,
Sheila Aitkenhead.

Second Row: Eileen Higgins, Shirley Sterry,
Marilyn Stafford, Joyce Crew, Freda
Pylypiw, Joan Cummings.

Front Row: Shirley James, Pearl Gherasim,
Mary Lazarus, Bernice Robinson, Kath-
leen Klingbyle, Rosemary Austin, Gail
Atkins.

11A

Back Row: Courtney Shannon, Grace Hillman, Catherine Sorenson, Arthur Major, Margaret Moore, Evelyn Testori, Brian Pye, Bill Butterfield.

Third Row: Merwyn Bear, Bill Pegler, Jo-Ann Caton, Shirley Borshuk, Anne Haeberlin, Caro Armstrong, Gerald Weingarden, Richard Myers.

Second Row: Ed Thomson, Albert Ambedian, Bill Ellis, Esther Geisel, Barbara Couvia, Mavis McCuaig, Shirley McLean, Jean Currie, Ed Zolinski, Ken Gardiner, Roger Wright.

Front Row: Shirley Tousignant, Doris Douglas, Marlene Jerome, Cecile Dupuis, Miss Philpot, Eleanor Vincent, Nancy Iler, Marilyn Hughes, Shirley Beere.



11B

Back Row: Marvin Douglas, Jack Blinston, Frank Stedman, Frank Robinson, Morley Pattison, Frank Rosella.

Fourth Row: Peter Masson, Tom Yates, Ron Wilson, Lorraine Baranowski, Jean Clark, Jerry Guenther, Archie Dease.

Third Row: Jerry Cattanach, Margaret Bradley, Jean McAlpine, Rosemary Reaume, Dorothy Lucas, Cecile Lavergne, Richard Howitt, Gordon Kirk.

Second Row: George Mahler, Alan Mills, Pat Teahan, Annelle Chappus, Marilyn Sinclair, Margaret Dahm, Marguerite Dahm, Delores Charbonneau, Ross Archibald.

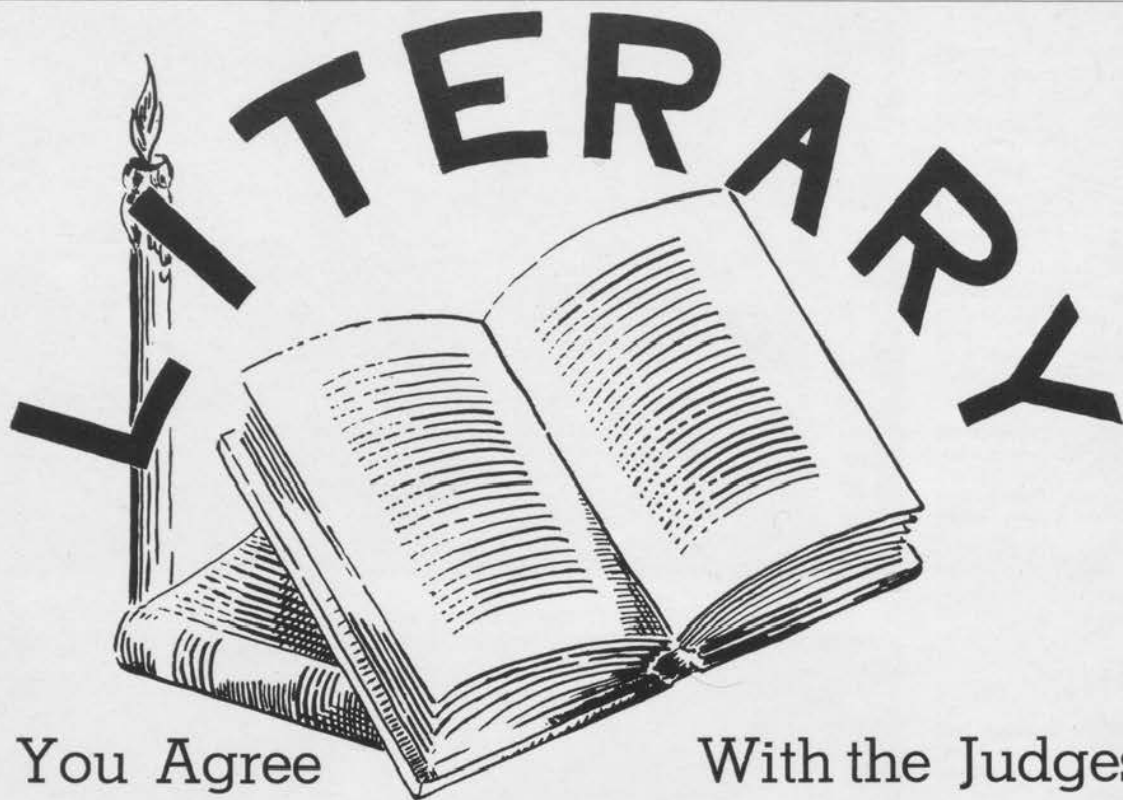
Front Row: Marilyn Huntley, Joan Roberts, Donna Cunningham, Pat Ford, Miss Gurney, Barbara Allen, Judy Steadman, Rita Blondin, Kathleen Syroid, Bruce Trothen.



Ecclesia Executive

Back Row: Ruth Richards, Delores Defields.
Front Row: Barbara Bennett, George Sutton, Mary Jo Hopkins.





Do You Agree

With the Judges?

Our literary department has been overflowing with the creative efforts of budding writers and the lyrical lines of aspiring poets. Thus it turned out to be quite a problem to narrow our choice down to accommodate the limited space in the Spartalogue.

In the short story category, Sandy Robertson's "Donachie Castle" was a unanimous choice of the judges, who also placed "Missing—One Life", second and "Deflated Ego", third. "The Ruby Necklace" and "A Ghost I Would Like to Meet" received honourable mention.

The choice of poems was harder to make because of the profuse contributions by 13A. "Nitehood" by John Lindsay, "Freedom", "The Vigil", "Home", and "Mine Is Forever" were finally selected.

Nitehood

(First Prize)

On t'other side the village lies
The place where Louis' uncle tries
To shoo away the fountain flies,
And not succeeding, "Help", he cries;
Where? Down at Charlie's Spot.
Four brick walls, a roof of shingles,
Make the place where Charlie mingles
Malted milks and juke-box jingles,
And known as Charlie's Spot.

Little George stops his game
To see the speed laws put to shame.
As though 'twere meant to kill and maim,
A shrieking hot-rod trailing flame
Goes round to Charlie's Spot.
There at Charlie's polished counter
Loafs a lad who almost never
Hopes for chance to go much further
Than to Charlie's Spot.

His glistening key-chain glitters free
Like a neon sign we see.
The tune he whistles aimlessly
Lets all know that he can be
Found at Charlie's Spot.
Slouching low and wearing jeans,
A tie of reds and ghastly greens,
And a shirt of gabardines,
He sits at Charlie's Spot.

But down the street a little way,
Rocks a man who's seen his day,
And thinks that life is "Na sa gai",
Because he has a case to lay
Against the lad at Charlie's Spot.
"Aye, I've seen the years go slow,
And through 'em I ha' come to know
The like of them as like to go
Awa' to Charlie's Spot.

"Aye, gone the days when knights were bold
And tales of valour oft' were told;
And courtesy, we then were told,
Should be a tennet to uphold
As did the brave Sir Lancelot.
Alas, we've lost the youth of old
Who knows the Book wherein is gold.
This world is like to turn to mould
'Cause of him at Charlie's Spot!"

Well Age the Sage may sit and rage
Because as far as I can gage
True knights are found in any age
And nobles who for right engage,
But ours don't loaf at Charlie's Spot.
And though our manners now grow cool,
I've yet to meet a fiendish ghoul
Among the lads I know at school
Or even down at Charlie's Spot.
—John H. Lindsay Jr., 13A.

Donachie Castle

(First Prize)

On a desolate mountainside in the Scottish Highlands stands a little-known castle. For decades, yes even centuries, it has looked down upon the heather in the valley with its stern and impassive countenance. Through its cold, dark eyes it has seen feudal warfare, clan strife and more recently the erection of the village of Glen Tay. In vain the winds and rains have beaten upon the weathered oaken door and sought entrance at the slit-like windows. Indeed, its battlements and slate roofs are impervious even to the sunbeams which glitter upon the swift-running mountain streams nearby. Perhaps within its interior there dwells a soul as black as the waters of its sullen moat for it has witnessed deeds of incomparable horror.

The castle had never been more than a thing of remote interest to the inhabitants of Glen Tay. It had, as a matter of fact, become just a part of the scenery to them; that is, up to the time of the arrival of Cameron Donachie. Angus MacTavish, the village blacksmith, and Lachlan MacLachlan, the water carrier, were talking together in front of Angus' shop on that eventful October day.

"Did ye hear the news mon?" asked Angus.

"Aye," replied Lachlan. "They say that the last of the Donachies comes here to-day tae look at the castle. I heard one of the men up to the inn say that he may live there alone."

"Losh mon! I wouldna do it fer all the gowd in the world," said Angus.

"Nor I," added Lachlan.

"Well I remember my father telling me how Donald Donachie, Cameron's grandfather, took the castle from Campbell Macbride," narrated Angus.

"Campbell, they say, was a bad mon. He took the Donachie cattle and in doing it he murdered two of the Donachies. In a clan war the Donachies took the castle and Donald threw Macbride into the dungeons. Later when Macbride was hanged he laid a curse upon the Donachies."

"Aye," said Lachlan, "he swore that all of the Donachies would die violently and so they have. Now Cameron Donachie is returning to the castle where Campbell Macbride uttered that curse."

As they were thus conversing, they were approached by a young man accoutred in garb which identified him as an Oxford scholar. He was of medium stature and weight and bore himself with an air of gentility. The film of dust which covered his clothes, and was especially prominent on his boots, gave evidence of a recent journey. On seeing the young man Angus turned to greet him.

"Can either of you gentlemen direct me to the Donachie castle?" queried the youthful stranger.

"Aye mon, that we can," replied Angus, "but we're loath tae do it. But say! ye must be young Cameron Donachie."

"Yes, I am he," answered the young man.

"Mon, dinna go up to the castle. I fear for what may happen to ye there," said Angus.

"Oh, don't worry about me," rejoined Donachie. "I assure you that I am able to take care of myself. Besides I won't have time to worry about foolish superstitions. I will be engaged in intense mathe-

matical study for the next two weeks. The castle is the ideal place for study. I shall have absolute quiet there."

"Weel noo mon, if ye're going up tha's nay much I can do tae stop ye," said Angus. "But if we dinna see you about in a week or two we'll be up there."

"Thank you for your interest in me, but your fears are ill founded," replied Donachie. "Now if you will show me the way I will be off. I must begin work immediately."

Angus left Cameron Donachie at the foot of the narrow trail which leads to the entrance of the castle. Donachie walked swiftly up the paths and soon found himself standing in front of the heavy oak door. Drawing a large hand-wrought key from his luggage he inserted it in the rusted lock. A loud click followed and the door slowly and creakingly swung open of its own accord as though bidding him enter. The interior of the castle was shrouded in complete darkness. Donachie entered, struck a match and lit two candles. By the dim and flickering light he was able to ascertain that he stood in the common room of the castle. Seeing a doorway nearby, he picked up one of the candles and, with the aid of its unstable light, made his way to the doorway. On opening the door he discovered a bed chamber. In one corner stood a massive bed. On its ornate headboard he read the words "Campbell Macbride".

"Well," he mused, "to prove how foolish those superstitions are I'll sleep in this bed. If the old cattle thief should happen to come in during the night, I'm sure that he won't mind my being here. It's a large bed and there is sufficient room for both of us."

At this thought Donachie burst into gales of laughter, but these subsided as quickly as they had begun.

"Very strange," thought Donachie, "why my laughter didn't re-echo from the walls. One would think there would be a thousand echoes in a place such as this. My laughter was smothered on the air as though the proverbial wet blanket were cast upon it."

He did not give this much further thought, however, for he soon found himself occupied in preparing a place for study.

For the next two days he was lost in the intricacies of progressions and variations and was entirely oblivious to his surroundings. Both nights he stumbled wearily to bed and no sooner was his head upon the pillow than he was fast asleep. On the afternoon of the third day, tiring of his work, he decided to look through the castle. Following a long corridor which ran off the common room, he suddenly came upon a large room which he judged by its furnishings to be a banquet hall. A large painting which hung from one of the walls immediately captured his attention. Donachie strode across the room to the picture and, removing the dust from part of the frame, he uncovered a small brass plate which bore the words "Campbell Macbride".

"Well," muttered Donachie, "now we shall see what the old thief looked like." On saying this, he proceeded to remove the heavy layer of dust which covered the portrait.

(Continued on Page 43)

The Chain

(Second Prize)

The sun was a molten ball beating down unmercifully on the miserable galley slaves. Huddled in front of the battered oars, they presented a pitiful spectacle, their emaciated, deformed bodies, wracked with pain, and their bony legs held fast by massive, rusted chains. Antonio winced as he drew back his oar, for his back had been flayed almost to ribbons by the cruel whip wielded by Michael Garth, the malicious guard. Pausing to gain a few seconds' rest, he was forced back to the oar by the raucous voice of Garth accompanied by a sear of pain ripping his back. He strained in exquisite agony, pulling, pulling, at the oars. Year after year this had gone on: a pathetic group of men, now become mindless machines, with one goal in life—to pull and strain at those rough splintered oars. Each man thought only of the thick, heavy-linked chain that kept him from a happy life and bound him to suffering and pain.

From his appearance it was not hard to discern that Antonio was Italian. A still-powerful, muscular body, swarthy skin, and a mop of thick, black, curly hair set above dark, piercing eyes betrayed his origin. Now he was bent and twisted, his back displaying half-healed scars mingled with fresh purple welts which oozed great drops of blood. Sweat stood out shining on his brow and upon his body and the bodies of his unfortunate companions. He begged Garth to give him water, but Garth only replied, "You'll get no water, you filthy swine, until sundown, so keep pulling!" Antonio stared at him, seething with suppressed rage. He stared at the well-fed body with the rounded shoulders and squat legs. Garth's face was flaccid and pasty in spite of hours spent in the hot sun and crisp breezes, and his eyes were red-veined and puffy. His broken teeth showed in an evil grin as he put his face close to Antonio:

"You ain't so high and mighty now, are you? I guess me and my whip here took you down a peg or two—thinking you should be fed better food than bread and water and getting the other fools to back you up. Well, I guess we learned you the hard way."

As the leering countenance came closer to Antonio and the liquor-laden breath beat against his face, he could endure it no longer. With almost superhuman strength born of desperation, he tore the chain loose and swung it at Garth. A succession of gaping red wounds appeared on the pasty face where the chain had struck, and the astonished Garth, his mouth open with amazement, fell with a thud

on the deck. The other slaves cheered Antonio as he steadily and methodically beat the blubbering, cowering Garth to a gory, sodden mass. When there was no longer any life in the quivering hulk that was once Michael Garth, Antonio took thought for his safety. The galley's crew were closing in on him as hunters close in on some animal at bay, for that was what Antonio had become—a frenzied animal at bay. He lashed out with his chain, cutting down the oncoming men like saplings, all the time fighting his way to the edge of the ship and freedom. Finally he dived into the cool green water still dragging his chain. Down, down, down he plummeted to the bottom where for a brief instant he rested, only to be compelled to battle his way upward again to obtain fresh air. The chain was no longer a help to him but a hindrance, yet struggle as he might, he could not free his ankle of the iron clasp and one of the links. However, as he watched the other rust-coated links sink to the bottom, his mind felt as though it had been relieved of a great burden, and wearily he struck out for the distant shore. His surge of superhuman strength still remained with him, and after what seemed to be hours of endless swimming, he reached the shore of a small island.

For the first time in twenty years he was a free man. He lay down, exhausted, on the warm brown sand, pondering his next move. He would find some food, then some fresh water, but first of all he would rest. It was pleasant to be there with no harsh shouting in his ears, without the fear in his mind of a heavy whip descending on his quivering flesh. As he lay there, a gentle rain began to fall, moistening his parched legs and cooling his feverish body, until he fell into a gentle sleep. For some inexplicable reason his thoughts centred mostly around the chain. He saw the chain binding his mangled legs to the galley; he saw again the same chain crashing into the bewildered face of Michael Garth; he saw the crew going down before the chain; again he saw the chain, sinking down into the depths of the sea after he had managed to free himself of part of it. Then, mysteriously, the chain slowly dissolved into nothing and once again he saw the sunny skies of Italy, his luxurious home, his loving parents, his friends. All were waiting and beckoning to him. His tortured soul, able to bear no more, left his body for a land where pain is unknown—where happiness and peace predominate.

—Myrna Wright, 13A.

Freedom

(Second Prize)

The threat of war—the devil's shroud
Hangs darkly o'er this doubtful world,
Will light ne'er pierce this ominous cloud
And shine on Freedom's flags unfurled?

The bear awakes—a hungry roar
And Hamelin's piper of the east,
Is edging toward his victory feast.
Will peace prevail no more?

Freedom now must face the test,
And rouse the potent, dormant west
Against the flood of greed and hate,
That surges now at Freedom's gate.

Has not experience taught us yet?
Make ready now! Lest we forget.

—Ken Bottoms, 13A.

Missing—One Life

(Third Prize)

You stand there on the wharf, looking down into the dead face of your victim, and as you stand there, Mike Zaconi, you feel the first panicky emotions of a murderer. You have taken breath from the living—you have killed.

Your mind sinks back a few minutes to when this form held life. It flickered in him for just a moment. Now he is dead—dead by violence, and his glassy eyes stare up at you.

You look around and see the filthy water of the river rushing by and the idea strikes you. You can get rid of the body now. But no, not the river. Bury it then, Mike; do something. If you hurry you can get back to your home, blocks from the scene. You look at the still form and think of your dad. You cannot let him see you or your victim. If only you could turn to someone for help. No, you must face this alone.

You are caught now—caught in the circumstances of your own clumsiness and ambitions. You had to show your dad how big you were, but you have failed.

You reach down for the weapon and your hand stops as it touches the sharp point of steel. You let it go. For the first time in your life you are ashamed

and frightened. If only his body would move. But it just lies there with those glazed eyes staring—staring at you, Mike. Again you think of destroying the body and you notice that the day is ending.

Shadows fall across the pier and the sun sets slowly. The water stops rushing and laps around the spiles. Life on the river ceases. The wind is cold and you pull your jacket around you tightly. You are alone now in the cold with your victim—very much alone.

The darkness creeps in around you and the word "escape" pounds itself into your brain and thoughts. From the end of the dock, heavy steps echo in with the rhythmical pounding. A huge frame moves out of the darkness towards you, and a voice speaks softly yet determinedly.

"That's you Mike? I can't see good in ta dark. Why you no'a come home for deener, son? Your mama she'a worry plenty bad about you."

You look up, Mike, as you have always looked up to your dad and as he lays his hand on your shoulder, your eyes fill a little with tears.

"Gee, Papa," you whisper, "I'm sorry." And your little hands tremble as you hold out your tiny fish.

—Jackie Welch, 12A.

The Vigil

(Third Prize)

She stood alone, this happy lass,
A-looking o'er the sea,
A-waiting for a ship to pass
And laughing out with glee.

The first ship passed. 'Twas not the one.
Another passed, then three.
Her laughter ceased as she watched the sun,
But a smile was there to see.

She sat alone, this lonely lass.
A smile was on her face.
She waited for a ship to pass,
And touched her skirt of lace.

Slowly the sun began to fade.
Slowly the moon came out.
The smile now left the face of the maid.
Its place was held by doubt.

Close she walked to the edge of the sea,
A pause! A sigh! A leap.
The waves rolled in and foam danced free
O'er the lonely maid in the deep.

Slowly a ship came into sight.
A sailor laughed with glee,
For he hoped to see his love that night,
A-waiting by the sea.

—Pat Kay, 13A.

Home

(Honourable Mention)

I miss the sunny open fields,
The fields wherein I used to roam,
The lonely hill which deftly shields
The torrents from my prairie home.

I miss the poplars ever swaying,
In the breezes gently blowing,
And the scattered leaves now playing
In the wailing winds of Towling.

I miss the warmly glowing sun,
Which beats day long upon this land
Of babbling brooks and streams that run
Among the earth's great scattered band.

And even as I pine for these,
I seem to hear the distant sound
Of many voices in the breeze
Calling me back to my prairie home.

—Shirley Saul, 13A.

Deflated Ego

(Honourable Mention)

The wind whipped wildly at my clothing. It was a dark, rainy night, but not even the gloom could dampen my spirits. My book had been accepted by the publisher. I was now a full-fledged mystery writer.

Absentmindedly, with thoughts of golden royalties, I turned down Blue Street, when suddenly I heard a scream. I stopped short. There it was again! I could not be mistaken. It seemed to come from a large black house which stood back from the street several yards. The shades were drawn; it looked very suspicious.

Silently I debated within myself whether to call an officer or investigate the matter myself; but curiosity getting the better of me, I bravely mounted the stairs and knocked boldly on the door. No answer. Then as I prepared to retrace my steps, the door opened abruptly. I turned—and almost fainted.

Before me stood a character borrowed from the most harrowing mystery story ever written. His dress proclaimed him a butler, but a more unsavoury individual I have never seen. A huge, livid scar rent his dark, sallow face, and his mouth was twisted into a hideous snarl.

Blindly I turned and ran. About a block later, reason finally overtook me. What was I running for? There was nothing to be frightened of. Yet I could not explain away the sense of evil that had assailed me as I had looked at that man. He had seemed to contaminate the very air.

Then I thought—the scream! The thought of some poor mortal in the clutches of that villain made my blood run cold. There was no time to call the police. I would have to go back; only this time I would use some common sense.

The house looked just the same as before. I crept stealthily around to the back, and there, as in the best mystery novels, was a small, unlocked window. With difficulty I crawled through and found myself in a tiny, dimly-lit room, containing assorted photographic equipment.

Suddenly I heard voices. They were moving towards the room. Quickly I looked for a place to hide. The closet! Swiftly I slipped behind the curtain that covered its entrance. I heard the door open.

A harsh guttural voice snarled,

"You stupid blundering fool! Why did you let her get away? She will go straight to the police, and then you know what will happen. Did you take care of that James girl?"

Looking through a hole in the curtain I saw a short, swarthy man, who seemed to be the leader, delivering this scathing tirade to none other than the butler. The leader stood silently awaiting an answer.

"No, Evard . . ." stammered my acquaintance.

He got no further. A stinging slap across the face silenced his words.

The one called Evard continued in a voice as cold as steel,

"You will attend to it. Now bring me the records. We must destroy them, and leave these premises immediately. The F.B.I. is much too . . ."

Suddenly he stopped, looking towards the curtain. My heart stood still. I stepped further back into the cubicle, pushing against a wooden cabinet. Over it came on top of me, shoving me half out into the room. The curtain fell down on my head. I attempted to rise. Then my head exploded, and everything went black.

The next thing I knew a voice was saying,

"She'll be all right, just a slight blow on the head." Slowly I opened my eyes. I was in a hospital bed! Where were those men? What had happened?

I soon found out; I was a heroine. Those two men had been spies, and the F.B.I. had had a watch kept on them day and night. Then I blundered in, but luckily, I did no harm. In fact, if it had not been for me, Miss James, who was an F.B.I. undercover agent, would have been killed.

I had an idea. My adventure would make a good mystery story. Speedily I typed it out and sent it to the publisher, expecting a cheque by return mail. Back came my answer.

"We regret to have to return your manuscript. Unfortunately we find it lacks the realism of your first work. Please honour us with any other story you may write."

Very brief and very polite, yet how it deflated my over-sized ego.

—Marilyn Snyder, 12B.

Mine Is Forever

(Honourable Mention)

I love a lass, she loves me not.
There was a time when I had thought
Our love was sparked with lasting fires,
But I found out my thoughts were liars.

She loves me not, I love her still,
I love her now, I always will,
What can I do to make her see
To ope my heart, she holds the key?

But soon she'll wed, she'll be so glad,
I'll be a bachelor, alone and sad.
She'll have children, one, two, three,
I'll have misery, woe is me!

My lonely fate I will not curse
I'll show my grief in written verse.

—Mel Steinhart.

The Ruby Necklace

(Honourable Mention)

As he gazed aimlessly through the jewellery store window, Mike Velda's thoughts were certainly not on the copious display of glittering jewels. The worn, gray suit hung neatly on his short, stocky form, but the usually squared shoulders slumped, and his usually affable countenance was creased in a frown. He was lost in deep and serious contemplation—contemplation, which had been gripping him for the past week and which was surely and slowly robbing him of his will and power. He must save the store! It was the only thing that kept him going now that Emma was gone.

At the thought of his sweet, patient wife, the bleak desperation of Mike's eyes changed to a fond, wistful reminiscent smile. However, he thrust himself back into the midst of his troubles and a feeling of suffocating hopelessness seized him.

Then his eye caught the penetrating gleam of the ruby necklace. Its fiery brilliance seemed to burn into the black velvet of its case and Mike marvelled at its colour, its beauty, its worth. His eyes narrowed at the thought. Would he dare take the gem? He could pay off the mortgage on the store. But he would be stealing. He would go to jail. He would lose everything. A maelstrom of thoughts whirled through his brain; then an agonized groan escaped him.

"I must do it! It's the only way!"

The sudden sound of his own voice brought him back to reality with a jerk. He glanced furtively around him to see if anyone might have heard his exclamation, then cursed himself for acting like a common thief—Well, wasn't he?

That night Mike stayed up late. He sat at the small, round table, his head in his hands, thinking and planning, thinking and planning. His thick, gray hair was rumpled and the harsh light from the lamp mercilessly sketched the deep wrinkles on his face, the dark shadows under his eyes, and the thin strained line of his mouth.

There was one thing he did know. The jewellery store had a small window at the back. He'd often seen it when he cut through the alley on his way home. But would it open? Another thought flashed through his mind. Surely the store would have a burglar-alarm, even though it was a small-town store which had never been threatened with robbery. He could only hope and pray that he would not stumble across it, for if he did, there would be no escape.

Finally he went to bed, but he found little sleep that night.

The next morning Mrs. Brown met a friend in front of the jewellery store. She confided, "Did you know that Mr. Velda just passed me on the street, and he didn't even say hello? Oh well, I suppose he has his troubles. My, isn't this a beautiful ruby necklace in the window?"

That night Mike worked in his grocery store later than usual. It was dark when he cut through the alley on his way home. He approached the window cautiously, and after glancing from left to right, stealthily explored the frame with gloved hands. Here was a latch at the bottom. His desperate fingers clawed at it, its rough, rusted surface burning beneath his hands.

He froze. Footsteps were sounding around the corner, coming nearer, and nearer. He shrank against the wall, into the shadows; beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. For one moment his heart stood still; then Officer Kipple passed on down the street.

Mike's shaky legs hardly carried him back to the window, where he pulled a small chisel from his pocket and clumsily inserted it under the base of the window. Slowly, straining, he pushed downwards. The window groaned and his heart leaped as it moved up.

Then he was inside the room, barely breathing, the fear of an alarm engulfing him. Cautiously he felt his way to the front of the store. Yes, here was the necklace. He closed the box and gripping it with one hand, made his way, half-blindly, out of the room, through the window and out the alley.

Scarcely realizing how he was able to make it, he arrived home. He laid down the box without opening it, as the realization struck him that he had actually stolen the necklace.

When sleep at last came, he tossed fitfully, dreaming that the necklace was around his neck, choking out his life.

Gray dawn was streaming through the windows when he awoke and disentangled the covers from around his head. Lagging steps took him into the front room where he spied a letter under the door. Listlessly he tore open the envelope, then stopped, for he saw only the line

"Dear Mr. Velda:

"The bank has reconsidered your request for a loan."

He sank into the chair, incredulity, joy, then horror, mirrored in his eyes. He grasped the jewellery box in trembling hands, tore open the cover, and gasped. There was no necklace. He had stolen an empty box.

—Mary Jane Makar, 13A.

A Ghost I Should Like to Meet

(Honourable Mention)

I have often thought that I should enjoy entertaining a ghost.

"A ghost?" you ask, "Why in the world a ghost?"

Well, to tell the truth, I think a ghost would be one of the most genial sorts of guests, if not the most interesting.

One of the ghosts which I would like to encounter is Aunt Mabel (gone these ten years, poor soul). After passing through my bedroom wall, the old dear would seat herself on my bed and say, "How about a cup of tea? It's going on four." Then, she would examine the book that I was reading and exclaim, "Hmph! One of these murder mysteries, eh? Now I'm sure one of those nice "Elsie" books would be much more educational."

Aunt Mabel is on my list of Choice Ghosts to Meet for several reasons. She would keep me well-informed on such matters as the activities of the Heavenly Harp Society, the Promotion and Demotion of all Heavenly Persons, and the casualty list of all new angels who happened to have broken a wing after a fall from a cloud, or suffered a black eye caused by a very unruly and tremendously mischievous halo.

Another ghost I would like to meet is Uncle Henry. He was not my real uncle but he married Aunt Mabel, thus bestowing upon himself that dreaded title. I often wonder whether Uncle Henry ever gained his freedom. I wonder, is Uncle Henry blithely chucking pretty angels under the chin or is he dutifully playing his harp under Aunt Mabel's careful and beady-eyed supervision? I would like to see Uncle Henry just to make certain that he was happy and that his back did not pain him any longer (Aunt Mabel was always a bit careless about those plasters). Uncle Henry would be no source of information for me. He was never one to talk much, especially with Aunt Mabel around to furnish details.

Of course, neither of these people were important to you, nor did they interest many others. However, to my family and to me Aunt Mabel and Uncle Henry were very important. They furnished family gossip, their children all had wonderful cases of measles, mumps, and chicken pox, and last but not least, Uncle Henry was the owner of the first motor car in town. Truly, Aunt Mabel and Uncle Henry lived very exciting lives in this world and I should very much like to hear of their adventures in the next.

—Judy Steadman, 11B.

Public Speaking

Public speaking drew quite a number of enthusiastic and eloquent candidates from both the senior and junior forms this year. Miss Graham, who handled all the details of the contests, Miss Harris and Mrs. Haeberlin, who spent hours coaching the speakers, are directly responsible for such a fine showing by all the students.

Ross Archibald of 11B won the senior boys' contest with a highly entertaining and intriguing speech on "Flying Saucers". His impromptu dealt with several interesting aspects of "Air Travel".

John Lindsay of 13A, who delivered a timely speech on "Canadian Industries", tied for second place with Walter Parashak of 12A, who spoke very well on "Why I Am Proud to be a Canadian". Third was George Mahler who spoke on the United Nations as a force against Communism.

In the senior girls' division, the winner, Marilyn Snyder of 12B, delivered an excellent address, "India To-day", and topped it off with an equally well-done impromptu, "The Importance of Education".

Runner-up, Nancy Iler of 11A, gave an interesting speech entitled "Plastics".

Competition was exceptionally keen in the junior boys' contest. Douglas Paton of 10A netted first place with his speech, "The Atomic Bomb". In his impromptu, he gave a pleasant account of a trip through the Laurentian Mountains.

Second-place winner was Stuart Klein of 9A who gave an inspiring oration on "Why I Am Proud to be a Canadian", while Richard Randall took third place.

The winner of the junior girls' contest was Diane Yates who opened our eyes to some interesting facts about the discovery of radium in her speech dealing with Mme. Curie's contributions to science. Her impromptu outlined the difficulties she experienced in learning to swim. Special congratulations go to Diane who placed second in the W.S.S.A. contest.

Phyllis Smith took second place in the school contest with an informative and inspiring speech on Helen Keller. In her impromptu, she told of her ambition to be a teacher.

Third place went to Anne Johnston who spoke on the dangers of narcotics. Her impromptu dealt with the peculiar Ontario winters.

Other contestants deserving credit for fine speeches were Judy Kidd, Janisse Staples, Margaret Carson, Stuart Mills, Garry Tucker, and Carl Bjerkelund. Congratulations!

We thank also Mark Johnston, Bob Wade, and Don Bradley under whose capable chairmanship the contests were conducted as well as the time-keepers, Don Erskine and Garry Newman and the messenger, Mary Sibley.



LIBRARY STAFF

First Row: Marilyn Snyder, Judy Steadman, Barbara Bennett.
 Second Row: Betty Holdsworth, Anne Haeberlin, Miss Philpot, Marilyn Sinclair, Caro Armstrong.
 Back Row: Marilyn Sylvestre, Pat Shangenuk, Elsie Newman, Mary Jo Hopkins, Jean Alexander, Betty Bruce.

Our Choice For '52

Are you interested in visiting the far corners of the world? Do famous people fascinate you? Does war, with its heroes, adventures and heartaches occupy your mind? Or are you, on the other hand, one of the millions who like to hear about everyday occurrences—always interesting, sometimes sad, often humorous?

In selecting these books we have kept you, our fellow students, in mind; we have tried to find books that will keep you entertained, interested and informed.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH—By Dermot Marrah

To many of us the fact that the queen had a childhood very similar to our own may come as a surprise. Both the author and the photographer have skilfully caught the Little Princess in many informal moments. This beautifully illustrated book gives an excellent account of our queen during the time when she was still a princess. It contains over one hundred and seventy photographs, many of which are from Elizabeth's private album.

THE SIGN OF THE ANCHOR—By Evelyn C. Nevin

This book gives an excellent picture of the days in which Christians were persecuted. It is the story of a young Corinthian boy, Lykon, whose father is arrested by Roman soldiers because he is a member of the Christian organization. When his father is taken, Lykon is presented with a square piece of wood on which is burned the figure of an anchor. All this means nothing to the boy until he reaches Rome where the true meaning of the token is revealed to him. Lykon's story of the mysterious yet powerful anchor will challenge the imagination and hold the interest of every reader.

THE WOODEN HORSE—By Eric Williams

In 1943, two British officers made the most daring and ingenious escape of the whole war. The two men built a wooden horse and together with another companion they escaped from a German prison camp—the notorious Stalag Luft III, designed to hold the Germans' most prized prisoners, the aircrew, and considered to be escape-proof.

Their escape from the camp itself is only a part of the story. Once outside the wire, they were still faced with the problem of getting out of Germany. They had many adventures; time after time, disaster threatened to overwhelm them, thus making the reader often catch and hold his breath.

KON-TIKI—By Thor Heyerdahl

This is the story of a daring voyage across the Pacific on a raft by the author and five companions.

Heyerdahl believed in the theory that the inhabitants of Polynesia came originally from Peru. Because his ideas were scorned, he determined to prove them. On board a raft, the exact replica of

(Continued on Page 43)



October 31, 1951

Dear Diary:

It's been so long since I last wrote to you—last April 20 to be exact. I can't believe that a whole summer has gone by and that already the threat of an October report is hanging over my head!

It was lots of fun watching children dressed in weird costumes going from door to door as they shouted "Trick or Treat"—Hallowe'en, you know. Little mites were still trailing in and out our door when I left for the hard times party at S.C.I.

What with the sing-song, games in the gym, swimming, and square dancing, there was enough to keep even the most energetic busy. Mary Jo Hopkins, Barbara Bennet, and Ruth Richards led the sing-song in which several groups of students took turns singing. Donna Cunningham, Anne Haeberlin, Caro Armstrong, George Sutton and Ian Hamilton looked after the decorations and supervised the swimming. Mary Jo Hopkins and Jackie Welch were in charge of the gym. Mr. Peter Mitchell called the square dances.

The evening was a definite success and just a sample of things to come.

—Nancy.

November 22, 1951

Dear Diary:

I can't wait to tell you about our 16th annual Football Dance I went to last night. I was lucky enough to be invited and my formal was super.

At noon there was a tea dance which everyone enjoyed.

The setting for the dance was very colourful. Red and white streamers were draped from five points of a large silver star to the balcony, and from the middle of the star hung a brilliant crystal ball. The stage was set with a giant goal-post and tacked on this were tiny footballs naming each of our wonderful players.

Three members of the staff lent their patronage—Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Whetstone, the latter smart in a gown of aqua sheer; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Krol, Mrs. Krol lovely in black taffeta and gold satin, and Miss Helen Lovegrove, attractive in pink satin and net, escorted by Mr. Larry Wagner.

The members of the committee were Jack Boyer,

escorting Joan Hodges, who wore aqua taffeta and black net; Jim Grier with Eileen Higgins, petite in yellow taffeta and lace; Betty Bruce wearing blue taffeta and net, escorted by Jim Carr; Jo-Anne Sneddon, Gail Morris and Alex Harris.

Other students seen dancing to Bill Richardson's orchestra were Jack Thompson and Eileen King, Don Smith and Joyce Rudling, George Sutton and Sally Bourdginon, Fred MacLennan and Mary Jo Hopkins, Bob Dagenais and Carolyn Minielly, Jim Oliver and Marilyn Hughes, Cyril Todd and Ethel Mercer, Art Renaud and Joan Masters, Ted Skoczen and Donna Cunningham, and Eddie Thompson and Shirley Borschuck.

I hope I get a chance to go again next year as I had a wonderful time.

—Nancy.

January 25, 1952

Dear Diary:

I'm late in wishing you a happy New Year, but better late than never. The Christmas holidays were wonderful—two weeks without thought of homework! My world seemed like the rosiest thing in existence.

But they say that into every life a little rain must fall, and it fell by the buckets for me when the teachers decided to play host to our parents on January 24. From the sudden change in my parents' attitude toward me, I can just imagine what discussions went on about my marks, deportment, etc., etc.! Other faces also seemed glum at school this morning, and homework, I know, will be surprisingly well done for at least a week now.

—Nancy.

February 23, 1952

Dear Diary:

Hockey and basketball have been my chief interests the past couple of months. Our hockey team has become a real competitor in the league, and the basketball teams have shown great improvement.

After-the-game dances added a lot of sparkle to three Friday nights as huge crowds gathered to trip

(Continued on Page 41)

GIRLS' CHOIR



DRAMA GROUP

Back Row: Ron Finn, Bob Wade, Ian Hamilton, John Lindsay, Mell Steinhart, Don MacLennan, John Cleminson.

Third Row: John Sparling, Marilyn Snyder, Joan Penhale, Eileen King, Pat Rigg, Phyllis Smith, Barbara Bennett, Jim Madge, Bill Alexander.

Second Row: Pat Shanganeuk, Dianne Yates, Margaret Carson, Myrna Wright, Miss Weller, Dianne Stevens, Anne Johnson, Gayle Welch.

Front Row: Catherine Copeland, Dorothy Smith, Deanne Whiteside, Ruth Richards, Ella Eberwein, Pat Kay.

MIXED CHOIR



The Mikado

Cast

The Mikado of Japan	Bruce McLagan
Nanki-Poo (his son disguised as a wandering minstrel)	John Blinston
Ko-Ko (Lord High Executioner)	Ron Finn
Pooh-Bah (Lord High Everything Else)	William Kerr
Pish-Tush (A noble lord)	Donald Alexander
Yum-Yum	{ wards of Ko-Ko
Pitti-Sing	
Peep-Bo	
Katisha (an elderly lady in love with Nanki-Poo)	Charlotte Watkins
Chorus of School girls, Nobles, Guards, and Coolies	

The mythical town of Titipu came to Sandwich Collegiate on March 12, 13, and 14 with the lively singing and acting of the Sandwich Collegiate Operatic Society. Under the able direction of Miss Scanlan, the favourite Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, the "Mikado", delighted full audiences with its gay nonsense.

Setting the pace for the whole operetta, the gentlemen of Japan in their brilliant kimonos introduced themselves with enthusiastic song in the opening scene. They were in perfect harmony with the background of a Japanese palace courtyard, and Mount Fujiyama in the distance.

The story of the operetta revolves about Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner who is about to marry his ward, Yum-Yum; but a wandering minstrel, Nanki-Poo declares his love for Yum-Yum. If he cannot have her, he will kill himself. Suddenly, a command comes from the Mikado. There must be an execution, or Ko-Ko will lose his position, and the city will be reduced to the rank of a village. Ko-Ko turns to Nanki-Poo. Nanki-Poo agrees to marry Yum-Yum and be beheaded in a month. Unexpectedly, the Mikado comes to Titipu, where as yet no execution has taken place. To satisfy the Mikado, Ko-Ko makes out an affidavit saying that he has beheaded Nanki-Poo. But his triumph is short-lived. He has supposedly killed the heir to the throne of Japan. To save himself from execution, Ko-Ko marries the elderly, ferocious Katisha. When Nanki-Poo returns to his father, all is straightened out and the story comes to its usual happy ending.

Ron Finn as Ko-Ko made the series of Gilbert and Sullivan intrigues entirely plausible as he deftly avoided execution, but not Katisha. His rendition of the popular "Tit-Willow" number clearly showed his singing and acting ability. The pompous, greedy Pooh-Bah was outstandingly characterized by Bill Kerr who, with sneers and haughty remarks, condescended to be insulted by various bribes, all to the great amusement of the audience. As Katisha, Charlotte Watkins was properly mean and blood-thirsty. Her solo "Alone and Yet Alive" won encores every night of the performance. Annelle Chappus and Jack Blinston capably played the parts of the lovers, Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo.

Annelle's rendition of her main solo "The Moon and I" clearly presented the beauty and artistry of her singing; her acting was outstanding throughout. Jack Blinston is also to be commended on his fine

performance. As the most humane Mikado, Bruce McLagan changed from benign humour to ferocity as he learned of his son's execution. His retinue consisted of John Sparling, Peter Mahler, and Stewart Boyd. In their "artless Japanese way", the three little maids from school, Annelle, Shirley Johnson, and Pat Teahan quickly won the heart of the audience with their merry songs and dances. Donald Alexander revealed a fine voice in his characterization of a noble lord Pish-Tush.

Without the tuneful and brilliant background provided by the girls' and boys' choruses, the operetta could not have been complete. As the curtain rose, the boys' chorus reflected the light-hearted setting of the operetta with their rendition of "We Are the Gentlemen of Japan"; later, they sang "Behold the Lord High Executioner", as they introduced the inimitable Ko-Ko.

Singing the colourful "Comes a Train of Little Ladies", the girls' chorus, depicting shy, young Japanese maidens, escorted Yum-Yum and her two sisters, Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo. They presented an effective beginning for Act II as they prepared Yum-Yum for her wedding to the accompaniment of "Braid the Raven Hair".

(Continued on Page 41)

Drama

At commencement we saw the first of three plays offered this year by Miss Weller's group. The Commencement endeavour, a one-act play called "A Ghost of a Show", showed a group of students rehearsing Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet". The play was very well-received by the Commencement audience. Melvin Steinhart was student director.

Near the end of the first term, the student body laughed through an original play called "Bottled Beauty". In this case, the student director was Barbara Bennett.

At Christmas, Grade XIIB presented their version of "A Christmas Carol" by Dickens. Ron Finn played Scrooge and Bob played Bob Cratchit. We congratulate XIIB on giving a fine performance.

Jim Madge managed the curtain, sound effects and lights for "A Ghost of a Show" and "A Christmas Carol".





DANCE COMMITTEES

Back Row: Tom Klein, Don Smith, Cliff Molyneaux, Jim Grier.

Front Row: Betty Bruce, Jo-Anne Sneddon, Gail Morris, Barbara Bennett, Mary Jane Makar.

Inset: Caro Armstrong.



INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Seated: Elsie Newman, Miss Graham, Shirley Beere.
Standing: Donna Maier, Lois McCloskey, Dolores Doyle.

The Christian Fellowship group at Sandwich is one of several hundred similar groups which meet in high schools across Canada and in other countries of the world. The purpose of the Fellowship is two-fold—to help strengthen Christian students, and to present the challenge of a vital Christian faith to others in the school. Bible study and prayer form the basis of the programme along with the occasional speaker, film, and week-end conference.



PUBLIC SPEAKING

Front Row: Stuart Klein, Doug Paton, Richard Randall.

Second Row: Nancy Iler, Marilyn Snyder, Diane Yates, Anne Johnston, Phyllis Smith.

Back Row: Walter Parashak, John Lindsay, Miss Harris, Miss Graham, Mrs. Haeberlin, George Mahler, Ross Archibald.





OFFICERS' CORPS

First Row: Bill Alexander, Sandy Robertson, Warren Dawson, Dave McCuaig, Don Bradley, Don McLennan.
 Second Row: Tom Klein, Bruce McLagan, Bob Minnice, Bob Wade, Jack Blinston, Richard Myers.
 Third Row: Doug Paton, Peter Masson, Bill Ellis, Paul Ariss, Ed Thomson.
 Fourth Row: Bill Johnson, Ted Skoczen, Bill Butterfield, Stan Drabak, Bob Willoughby.
 Back Row: Art Henderson, Peter Stewart.

CADETS

With the world about us becoming more embroiled in conflict daily, cadet training takes on a new and greater significance. The youth of the high school to-day may some day, like their predecessors, be called upon to defend their homeland from aggression. The cadet corps in the school helps to train boys for such an emergency.

Cadet training plays an active part in the development of character, emphasizing manliness, courtesy, and efficiency. The training which a cadet receives in obeying a given order promptly and efficiently, is of material importance in later life. Important too is the physical and mental co-ordination developed through marching and precision work.

The signal corps have played a leading role in cadet activities this year and will undoubtedly play an even greater part next year. Members of the corps received twelve Wireless certificates last year. Twelve members were entered in the Moyer Cup competition for wireless proficiency and ranked among the ten best teams in Ontario. The members of the corps took part throughout the year in the Western Ontario Secondary School Radio Relay League, talking with the members of the signal corps of Windsor Secondary Schools.

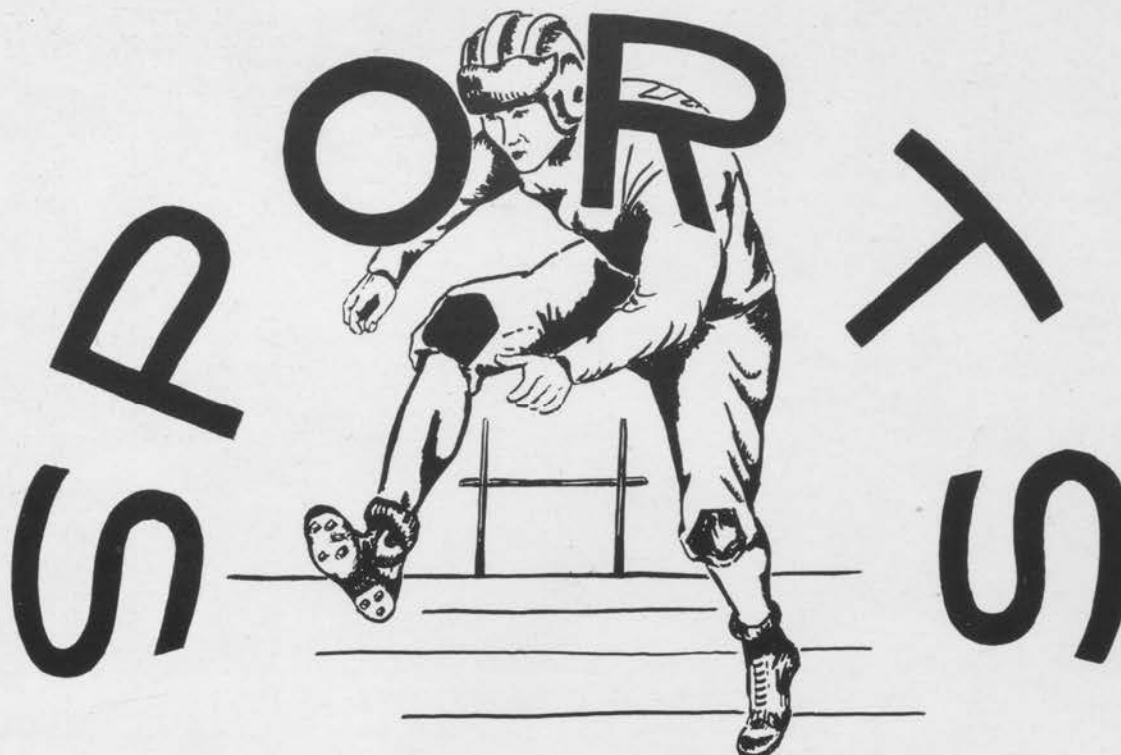
The addition of a new rifle range under the guiding hand of Mr. Ellis seems to have sharpened the enthusiasm and the eyes of Sandwich snipers. One hundred and forty-eight cadets have fired the annual

test, 56 of them qualifying for the crossed rifles and crown, the sniper's badge. Don Williams and Richard Jacobson have outscored the 48 other cadets in recreational shooting. The school has also entered Dominion of Canada Rifle Association competition. The best averages to date have been made by Marvin Douglas, Ken Bottoms, Eddie Hopps and Terry Henry.

Every Monday afternoon, beginning at three-thirty, at least forty cadets have turned out for officers' corps. This group forms the nucleus of the cadet corps. Upon their skill and leadership depends the group of nearly two hundred cadets.

An outstanding contribution to the cadet corps is made by Mr. Welsh and his band. Faithful practice every Wednesday night always results in a nearly-perfect and always colourful performance by the band.

The inspecting officer, Captain D. C. Irwin, in commenting on the 1951 inspection, complimented the corps on its efficiency and good management. Under the very capable leadership of Cadet Colonel Lorne Hunter, with Cadet Major Warren Dawson as his second-in-command, and Cadet Major Bill Corbett and Jerry Patterson in command of "A" and "B" companies respectively, the corps presented a smart performance. The band, led by Drum Major Alan Shepherd, put on a very colourful display as usual, while signal operations, under the direction of Cadet Lieutenant Don Bradley, were well executed.



Track and Field Meet—1951

The inter-form meet held on May 1st produced a hatful of records, seven by the boys and three by the girls, as well as some strong contenders for W.S.S.A. and W.O.S.S.A. honours. Jerry Weingarden, the junior champion, led the parade by breaking three records. He set new marks of 4' 11½" in the high jump, 34' ½" in the hop, skip and jump, and 17' 2" in the running broad jump. Dick Howitt, the runner-up in the junior division, set a new mark of 37.4" in the shot-put.

In the intermediate division, Ken Bottoms was the champion, breaking one record and tying two. Ken tied the high jump and shot-put records and established a new mark of 110' 6" in the discus. In the senior division, Lorne Hunter, the senior champion, broke his own pole vault record with a jump of 10' 6" and Gord Scratch set a mark of 18.2 seconds for the 120 yard high hurdles.

Anne Haeberlin and Deanne Whiteside tied the junior high jump record of 4' 4" and Marilyn Hughes broke the junior broad jump record with a jump of 15' 9". Martha "Punch" Elliot, the senior champion, set a broad jump record of 16' 6". Ella Eberwein, who gave Martha a battle for the senior crown, set the other record of 4' 6" in the high jump.

CHAMPIONS

	Girls	Boys
Juvenile	Anne Haeberlin	Ed James
Junior	Eva Patterson	Jerry Weingarden
Intermediate	Donna Cunningham	Ken Bottoms
Senior	Martha Elliot	Lorne Hunter

W.S.S.A.

Our girls as usual, made an excellent showing in the W.S.S.A. meet.

The seniors won the Joan Mary Gattfield Memorial Trophy denoting supremacy in the senior division, while the juniors tied with Patterson for the Mayor Reaume Trophy.

For the sixth consecutive year, our girls captured the Mayor David Croll Shield for total point in the three divisions.

"Old Reliable", Lorne Hunter, came up with a tie for the senior boys' championship to give the boys their only bid for glory. Ken Bottoms, George Sutton, Jack Thompson, and Ed James made a good showing with each obtaining at least five points to receive the school letter.

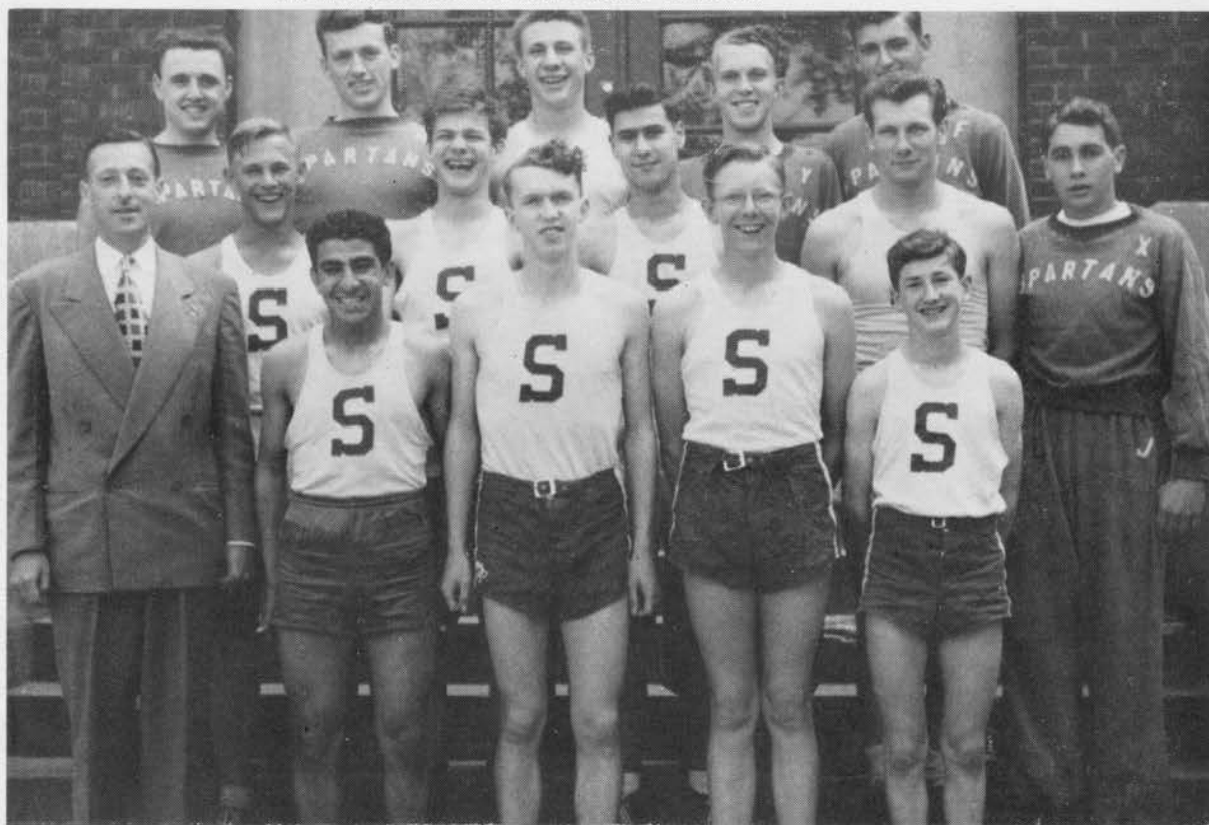
W.O.S.S.A.

The week following the W.S.S.A., Mr. Whetstone took a strong senior boys' team to London for W. O. S. S. A. Meet. Lorne Hunter and Don Smith took firsts in the javelin throw and pole vault, respectively, while Ken Bottoms and Jim Oliver, both intermediates competing against seniors, got a second in the discus throw and a fourth in the hurdles. Jerry Weingarden took thirds in the high jump and broad jump.



W.S.S.A. TRACK CHAMPIONS — 1951

Front Row: Arlene Rody, Eva Paterson, Cathy Pillon, Martha Elliott, Ella Eberwein, Florence Senfa, Marilyn Hughes.
 Second Row: Miss Gurney, Carolyn Mineilly, Donna Cunningham, Jo-Anne Caton, Betty Jean Howie, Joan Rudkin, Betty Bate, Miss Munnings.
 Third Row: Ann Haeberlin, Ethel Mercer, Barbara Rows, Kathryn Sorenson, Mary Jo Hopkins, Phyllis Klein, Gloria Chevalair, Deanne Whiteside.



TRACK TEAM — 1951

Front Row: Mr. Whetstone, Albert Ambedian, Morley Pattison, John Sorenson, Eddie James.
 Second Row: Richard Howitt, Ted Cruddas, Jerry Weingarden, Don Smith, Lorne Hunter.
 Third Row: George Sutton, Les Dowdell, Ken Bottoms, Cliff Pattison, Jim Oliver.

W.S.S.A. JUNIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL CHAMPIONS

Back Row: Miss Munnings, Joyce Beluck,
Phyllis Klein, Betty Jean Clark,
Deanne Whiteside, Miss Gurney.

Middle Row: Sandra McLeay, Nancy Weir,
Penny Whittle, Lois McCloskey,
Ann Johnston, Jill Armstrong,
Diane Yates.

Front Row: Mary Sibley, Carol Patterson,
Pat Pattison.



SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Back Row: Miss Munnings, Helen Lockie,
Irene Cunningham, Betty Bruce,
Ethel Mercer, Pat Cave, Miss
Gurney.

Middle Row: Anne Haeberlin, Ella Eberwein,
Mary Jo Hopkins, Martha Elliot,
Jackie Welch, Joan Rudkin,
Caro Armstrong.

Front Row: Ruth Dowdell, Marilyn Sinclair,
Mavis McCuaig.

Absent: Betty Bate.



HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row: Doug Paton, Albert Ambedian,
Clarence Beaulieu, Jon De-
Laurier.

Second Row: Steve Szekesy, Richard Myers,
Richard Howitt, George Sutton,
Jim Holmes, Jack Blinston, Lorne
Willis.

Third Row: Sandy Robertson, Bob Ord, Don
Williams, Bob Wells, Brian Pye,
Bill Powers, Jerry Baker.

Last Row: Ken Bradley, Frank Dietzel, Bob
Dagenais, Mr. Silcox.



W.S.S.A. Volleyball Champions

Sandwich was represented by excellent teams in both Junior and Senior Volleyball competition. Our teams brought home one championship and almost won a second. The Junior team, which was very strong this year, took every game by large margins to win decisively the W.S.S.A. Junior Championship. The Seniors, not so fortunate, lost the championship to Walkerville girls by a scant three points. Excellent team work and spirit with good serving and fast returns paid dividends for both teams.

The Junior team produced several promising athletes—from Grade 9, Nancy Weir, Joyce Beluk, and Carol Patterson; and from Grade 10, Deanne White-side, Penny Whittle, and Phyllis Klein.

INTERFORM

A total of one hundred games were played in the Senior, Grade 10, and Grade 9 interform leagues.

In the senior league the competition was exceptionally keen. Thirteen A, Commercial, 12A and 12B reached the play-offs. 13A and Commercial had to play three games in the finals before Commercial finally came through to take the pennant!

The Grade 10 League shared equally keen competition. The regular season finished with 10D in first place. In a two-game semi-final, 10D edged out 10A by one point; it then went on to capture the pennant by defeating 10C in the finals.

In the Grade 9 league, 9E went through the season undefeated to win the Grade 9 Championship with twelve wins and no defeats.

The most important factor of the Interform Leagues is that ninety-eight per cent of the girls have an opportunity to play. The games are refereed by students, and the Grade 9 teams are coached by members of the Senior School team. This offers excellent opportunity for leadership training.

Golf



At Lakewood last October, Sandwich competed at the Secondary School Golf Tournament. Out of seven schools Sandwich came fourth with 390 points. Don Norris was low man on our team with a score of 89. Other members of the team were George Mahler, Gerry Guenther, Walter Parashak and Morris Palawalda (left to right in picture).

Hockey

At 7 a.m. on those cold winter mornings when most of us were asleep, the boys who carried Sandwich colours into the 51-52 hockey battle were faithfully practising at the Arena to work themselves into condition for the coming season. And indeed, this past season has produced keener competition than in previous years. The Spartans, coached by Mr. Silcox and managed by Doug Paton had "Moose" Sutton, the team captain, who was the bulwark of the defence and spark-plug of the offence. George and Richard Howitt produced the most goals for the Sandwich cause. Just as important were the assists by Jim Holmes and Lorne Willis, the two wings, and Jack Blinston on defence. Little Al Ambedian in goal turned in many fine performances. The play of the second and third lines was very promising and these boys showed good prospects for the first two lines next year. The combined efforts and never-die spirit of the team accounted for 2 victories over Kennedy.

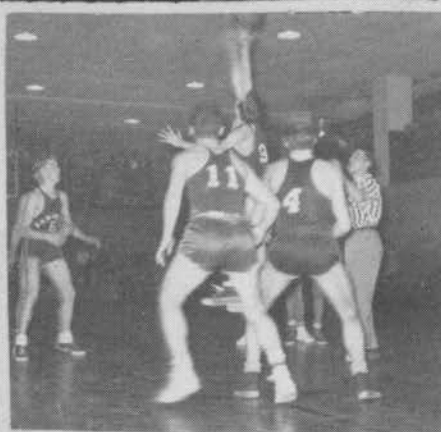
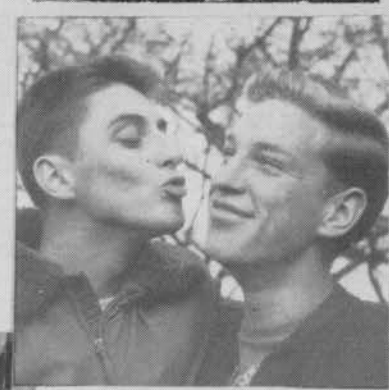
Congratulations go to Frank Dietzel, who, through co-operation and faithful attendance, proved to be a most efficient timer.

Our boys gave a very creditable showing this year, and with a little more experience, will certainly be contenders for hockey laurels.



CHEER LEADERS

Standing: Joyce Crew, Shirley Borshuck, Donna Cunningham.
Kneeling: Shirley Sterry.





FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row: Mr. Krol, Jack Boyer, Dick Myers, Jerry Weingarden, Bob Dagenais, Don Smith, Walter Tereschyn, Ken Bottoms, Dave McCuaig, Frank Stedman, Cliff Pattison, Bill Kerr, Cliff Molyneux, Ted Skoczen, Don MacLennan, Bob Wells, Mr. Steadman.

Second Row: Fred Lang, Camille Haddad, Stan Drabek, Jack Thomson, George Sutton, Bill Grey, Walt Parashak, Morley Pattison, Dick Howitt.

Front Row: Paul Ariss, Lorne Willis, Jerry Guenther, Ed Zolinski, Jack Blinston, Bill Alexander, Ross Archibald, Ed Thomson, Albert Ambedian.

W.S.S.A. Football

At the finish of the regular season, Mr. Steadman's Spartans gained a much-deserved berth in the play-offs. They started the season by defeating a strong Vocational team. Although three losses followed, the team played exceedingly well in all their games. In the following game the Spartans came back to gain a play-off position by a 7-6 victory over Walkerville. The inspired Spartan squad fought hard against Patterson in the semi-finals, but were on the short end of a 9-1 Panther win.

Sparked by a top-notch line, it is no wonder that the Spartans came so close to defeating the Patterson twelve. Coached by Mr. Krol and backed by such veterans as George Sutton, Wally Tereschyn and Stan Drabek, this season's line outdid themselves.

Other very valuable players were Ross Archibald, Cliff Molyneux, Bob Dagenais, Don McLennan and Frank Stedman. Albert Ambedian, Ken Bottoms, Dave McCuaig, Jack Thomson and Don Smith were fast, hard-driving backfielders who consistently made gains around ends and through the line. Bob Wells and Ted Skoczen very effectively held down the end positions offensively and defensively.

George Sutton and Jack Thomson are to be congratulated on gaining a berth on the coveted "All-City Team". Walt Tereschyn was named on the second team, while Don Smith and Ken Bottoms received honourable mention. The coaches, Mr. Steadman and Mr. Krol, predict an even bigger and better season next year with many veterans returning.

Interform Football

No less than seventy-five enthusiastic athletes competed in Mr. Brown's football league this year. Six teams were pitted against one another in games that were not won until the final whistle. Fred Todman's "Lions", Al Trothan's "Mudhens", Al Mills' "Hornets", Richard Dungy's "Blackhawks", Ron Ferchucks "Turtles" and Brian Pye's "Royals" fought hard for victory in all their games. However, Al Mills' "Hornets" ended up on top with 4 wins and a lone defeat which was suffered at the hands of Richard Dungy's hot 'n' cold "Blackhawks". The "Lions" and the "Blackhawks" tied for second placed followed by the "Mudhens", "Turtles" and "Royals" respectively.

An all-star intra-mural team consisting of Richard Dungy, Gord Kirk, Alan Mills, Ron Ferchuck, Gerry Cattanack, Fred Todman, Tom Noble, Mike Kish, Chuck O'Hara, Brian Pye, Gary Tucker and John Dewhurst ended the season by playing the "Spartan Reserves".

With the enthusiastic turnout that was given Mr. Brown, it appears that the senior Spartan team will be greatly improved in the near future through the fundamentals and experience gained in the intra-mural league.



W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

Seated: Marilyn Hughes, Jo-Anne Caton.
 Second Row: Ella Eberwein, Irene Cunningham, Jackie Welch, Mary Jo Hopkins, Phyllis Klein, Betty Bate, Joan Rudkin.
 Back Row: Miss Gurney, Caro Armstrong, Betty Hanson, Anne Haeberlin, Evelyn Crowder, Deanne Whiteside, Ethel Mercer, Martha Elliot, Miss Munnings.

W.O.S.S.A. Basketball Champions

Miss Gurney's lassies had another very successful season this year, capturing both the W.S.S.A. and W.O.S.S.A. crowns.

In the city league, they took their first game from Lowe Vocational by the score of 25-20 and followed up by another victory against Patterson 29-26. The next game was an important one, since they played Walkerville, the defending champions. The Spartans defeated them 28-27 and then went on to win every other game, winding up the season undefeated.

In the W.S.S.A. semi-finals the Leamington girls were trounced by Sandwich 42-20 and 38-18 in a home-and-home series.

Mary Jo Hopkins was top-scorer of the season with 125 points. Betty Hanson, an up-and-coming second former, was second highest scorer. Other players on the forward line were Joan Rudkin and Ella Eberwein. The splendid guard line this season consisted of Jackie Welch, Ethel Mercer, Irene Cunningham and Martha Elliot.

Miss Gurney and Miss Munnings deserve credit for their excellent coaching of the team.

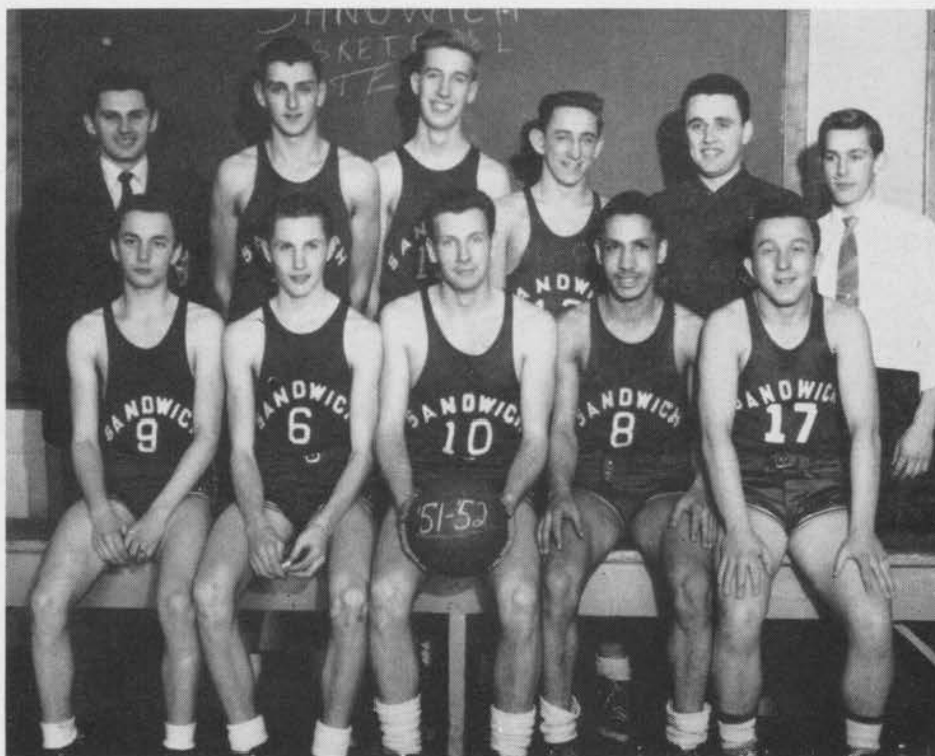
As usual, the trip to London for the W.O.S.S.A. Championship provided many thrills. With the splendid support provided by all the Students who attended the games, our girls couldn't help but come home victorious.

Interform Basketball

The Grade 9 pennant race proved to be a one-sided affair with 9E captained by Nancy Weir winning all their games. The coaches, Mary Jo Hopkins, Jackie Welch, Ella Eberwein, Ethel Mercer, Caro Armstrong, Irene Cunningham, Anne Haeberlin, Joan Rudkin, Betty Bate and Mavis McCuaig deserve a great deal of credit for their voluntary help.

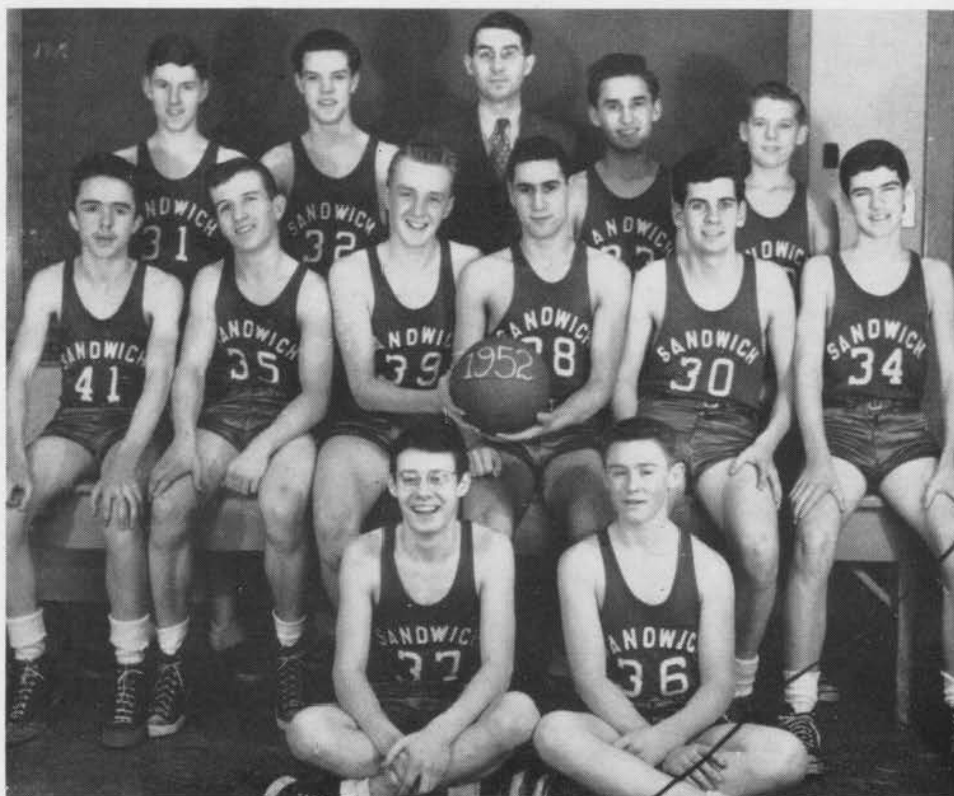
In the Grade 10 league, the competition was very close. 10A, 10D and 10C were all eager to win the pennant. In the finals the squad from 10C won the championship by topping 10D by four points.

After a tough battle with 13A, 13C, captained by Irene Cunningham, completed the senior schedule in first place. In the semi-finals, 11A and 11C were edged out by 13A and 13C.



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: Mr. Krol, Jim Oliver, Bill Kerr, Ted Skoczen, George Sutton, Bill Alexander.
Front Row: Gordon Kirk, Dave McCuaig, Don Smith, Richard Dungy, Stan Drabek.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: David Marsden, Bob Maddock, Mr. Courtney, Tea Seagull, Bob Hamilton.
Middle Row: Bob Willoughby, George Mahler, Fred Todman, Jerry Weingarden, Frank Rosella, Alan Mills.
Front Row: Art Henderson, Bill Johnston.

Boys' Basketball

Senior Boys

This year's senior team, showing marked improvement as the season progressed, certainly gave the fans their money's worth at every game. They finished the season with five victories as against seven losses.

Teamwork combined with a new system on the floor produced a hard-playing, fighting team. The seniors scored easy victories over Lowe Vocational and St. Joseph's, but were held down by the powerful Patterson, Walkerville, and Assumption teams. In an upset, we took the final game from the favoured Kennedy Clippers.

High scorer for the season was Ken Bottoms with over 100 points, with Dave McCuaig in the runner-up position. Richard Dungy, Don Smith, Ted Skoczen and Jim Oliver were regular players. Gordie Kirk, Eddie Thomson, Stan Drabek and Bill Kerr show promise for next year's team.

Junior Boys

A much-improved junior team displayed ability and determination. Even though they did not always succeed in winning, they put forth every effort and usually lost by only a few points. Outstanding on their schedule was a hard-fought game with Assumption which ended in a 31-30 score for our battling Juniors.

Regular players were Jerry Weingarden, Bob Willoughby, George Mahler and Art Henderson, with Jerry Weingarden as top scorer. Bill "Red" Johnson, Fred Todman and Bob Hamilton should see more action next year.

One of the most exciting games of the season was the one between the S.C.I. men teachers and next year's Senior Team. The teachers were in excellent form for the first two minutes of the game, paced by the outstanding ability of "Swish" Whetstone. When they had the game well in hand, the teachers retired to the bench to give the second string grads a chance to play.

Boys' Interform Basketball

This season's interform games were marked by excellent play-making, accurate shooting and an overall picture of good basketball.

With two leagues providing a good deal of competition for the boys, both Juniors and Seniors saw plenty of action.

Paced by their captain, Jack Boyer, 12B won over 13A in their finals game to win the senior interform championship. 13A wound up the season in second position, followed by 12A, 11A, Junior B's and 11B respectively.

George Sutton of 13A was leading point scorer with 72 points, beating out Jack Boyer of 12B and Bill Kerr of 12A.

In the Junior interform league, although 9E played winning basketball all season, they lost to 10D in the final playoff game. 10B come third while 9A, 9C, 9D, 10A and 9B wound the remaining positions.

Leading scorers in the Junior division were Ted Seagull, Grant Wood, A. McDonald and B. Karpuick.

THE MIKADO

(Concluded from Page 28)

Dolores De Fields and Shirley Saul, the accompanists of the operetta, contributed in a large measure to its success.

There is more to the production of an operetta, however, than singing and acting. The effective handling of details such as costumes, fans, properties of all kinds, lighting, scenery and make-up assured the final success of "The Mikado". Miss Grant and her Grade Nine home economics classes made the colourful chorus costumes, while Miss Philpot and her art students produced the authentic-looking fans. Miss Weiler acted as stage manager and was also in charge of the properties. The difficult task of making up an unusually large cast was skilfully handled by Mrs. Haeberlin and her hard-working assistants. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Douglas Laing of the Windsor Light Opera, we were provided with a stage set which provoked a great deal of favourable comment. The excellent lighting effects were John Lindsay's contribution.

The Mikado was an exceedingly impressive presentation whose success was a result of the unstinting co-operation of so many. The final task, however, was Miss Scanlan's who once again has proved that with the guidance of a master, a group of youngsters can excel beyond all expectations.

DEAR DIARY

(Concluded from Page 26)

the light fantastic after the Riverside, Walkerville and Kennedy games.

Naturally, all the girls are looking forward to their second biggest dance of the year, the Sweater Swing, since this is their chance to invite their favourite beaux. (And it's leap year at that.) I wonder who will be chosen King and Queen! Mr. Brown tells me that the committee, including Tom Klein, Mary Jane Makar, Bob Minnice, Don Smith, Gail Morris, Barbara Bennet, Caro Armstrong, and Cliff Molyneux, is already hard at work making the necessary preparations. The date is April 18; and the band, Bill Richardson's.

—Nancy.

March 30, 1952

Dear Diary:

All through those horrible Easter exams the only thing to look forward to was the W.O.S.S.A. I think there were more kids from Sandwich there than all the other schools put together. Everyone arrived in London on time for the semi-final game against Woodstock. Our girls sailed away with this game to win by the score of 39-18. Since the final game wasn't until seven o'clock we wandered around London all afternoon collecting souvenirs (free ones). Owen Sound was our opponent in the second game which our gals also won easily by the score of 36-17. Mary Jo was high scorer for all the girls' games with 17 points in the first game and 15 in the second.

This morning at assembly each member of the team was presented with a red rose and Miss Gurney and Miss Munnings received a bouquet of cut flowers as small tokens of the school's appreciation. It seemed like old times to have W.O.S.S.A. championship back again.

—Nancy.



BOYS' SWIMMING TEAM

- Back Row: Bill Grey, Doug Paton.
 Fourth Row: John DeLaurer, Pete Masson.
 Middle Row: Gary Parker, John Butterfield, Ron Fleming, Alan Bridgewater, Fred Alexander.
 Second Row: Gary Tucker, Arthur Boismier, Ed Thomson, James Caffrey.
 Front Row: Ken Bottoms, Don Smith, Ian Hamilton, Jim Oliver.
 Inset: George Sutton.



GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM

- First Row: Ann Avadesian, Carolyn Minielly, Shirley Kemp, Mary Sibley, Deanna Girard, Carol Anderson.
 Second Row: Margaret Carson, Donna Cunningham, Betty Bate, Diane Yates, Joan Rudkin, Anne Haeberlin, Carol Stephenson, Phyllis Smith.
 Back Row: Elizabeth McLister, Shirley Kinney, Sandra McLeary, Miss Gurney, Betty Hanson, Evelyn Crowder, Gail Parker.

SWIMMING

Wednesday evening, April the ninth, a group of over fifty spectators from Sandwich gathered at Kennedy Collegiate to watch the annual secondary school swimming meet which was, as usual, filled with excitement and surprises. There was much cheering as the Spartans battled their way in competition with the other schools. Individual standings follow:

Junior Boys:

- 40 yd. free style—Avery Smith, 5th.
 50 yd. back stroke—Jim Caffary, 2nd.
 60 yd. breast stroke—Ron Flemming, 5th.
 160 yd. relay—Smith, Rudkin, Caffary and Paton, 4th.
 160 yd. grade 9 relay—Stewart Mills, Bill Howitt, Jim Bastien, Avery Smith, 4th.
 160 yd. grade 10 relay—Laing, Todman, Hrickovian, Parker, 3rd.

Senior Boys:

- 40 yd. free style—Don Smith, 4th.
 40 yd. back stroke—George Sutton, 3rd.
 100 yd. free style—Don Smith, 4th.
 200 yd. free style—George Sutton, 3rd.
 160 yd. relay—Hamilton, Bottoms, Smith, Thomson, 3rd.

Junior Girls:

- 40 yd. free style—Ann Haeberlin, 4th.
 40 yd. back stroke—Diane Yates, 4th.
 40 yd. breast stroke—Margaret Carson, 2nd.
 80 yd. relay—Carol Stephenson, Ann Haeberlin, Sandra McLeary, Elizabeth McLister, 4th.
 80 yd. Grade 9 relay—Mary Sibley, Shirley Kemp, Phyllis Smith, Carol Anderson, 2nd.
 80 yd. Grade 10 relay—Betty Hanson, Evelyn Crowder, Carolyn Minielly, Shirley Kinney, 2nd.

Senior diving—Annie Avadesian, 4th.

Junior diving—Mary Carson, 3rd.

Mixed Medley—Avery Smith, Fred Laing, Annie Avadesian, Ann Haeberlin, 4th.

DONACHIE CASTLE

(Concluded from Page 19)

Suddenly he drew back from the picture with an expression of terror upon his face. He had just uncovered the features of Macbride from their dust wrappings. It was not the features that filled him with terror, for these were conventional. His startled gaze was fixed upon the eyes. These were not in keeping with the dark colours of the rest of the portrait. Indeed, they seemed to be alive . . . to be suffused with an intense evil light.

Donachie's eyes were fixed upon those of Campbell Macbride for several minutes. Then they slowly fell, viewing the dark colours of the background and the hunting garb of Macbride. Donachie noted that Macbride bore a heavy bow with an arrow strung on it. Visibly disturbed, he slowly turned and retraced his steps to the study table.

About eleven o'clock that evening a heavy storm broke. Torrents of rain lashed the castle and lightning stabbed at its towers. Donachie who had retired earlier than usual, unable to concentrate on his studies, also found it impossible to sleep. The memory of Macbride's eyes coursed through his mind and no matter how hard he tried to cast it aside it remained there. Finally in desperation he said to himself,

"I'll go back there and see that picture again. I must convince myself that there is nothing to fear in it."

Hastily he lit a candle and walked toward the dining hall. Upon entering the room his gaze was drawn at once to the portrait. The eyes seemed even more alive than before. In the light of the candle they seemed to glow with a strange iridescence. As Donachie stood transfixed by the sight, the eyes seemed to become more and more alive. Perspiration dripped from his brow. Unable to move, he saw the whole portrait slowly come to life and step from the frame. The bow was slowly raised; the string drew taut. Donachie, seeing Macbride's eyes fixed upon him, cried out in terror.

The pleas for mercy fell dead upon the air for as the cries beat upon the thousand stones of the great room, a thousand pairs of unseen hands reached out and subdued them.

Angus MacTavish and a deputation of villagers found Cameron Donachie lying on the stone floor before the picture, his heart pierced by an arrow. An investigation was conducted into the death but it proved futile. No one paid much attention to the

huge portrait which hung on the wall of the murder chamber. Perhaps if they had they too would have seen the strange light in the eyes and would have noticed the bow which hung unstrung from the hands of Macbride.

Thus the murder was never solved, nor will it ever be. Its mystery remains forever locked in the heart of Donachie castle among the treasured memories.

THE END

—By Sandy Robertson, 13A.

OUR CHOICE FOR '52

(Concluded from Page 25)

an ancient balsa raft, he and his friends set out on this daring enterprise. The adventures which befell them on the high seas and the islands will be left to those who are interested in real adventure written by an excellent writer.

BLACKADDER—By Cross

Two small boys, Tom Cathro and Harry de Rohan, seek to learn the identity of a terrible leader of a smuggling ring. However, Blackadder shows them that there is something much more serious behind that ring than they could imagine—something involving all of England and France. The boys, a constable and some English sailors share several tense adventures in France with a young girl, Gignonne, before escaping to an English ship. Blackadder has a secret reason for protecting Harry. Read the story and learn the secret of the crest tattooed on Harry's chest.

—Judy Stedman, Ann Haeberlin.

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CLASS NEWS REPORTERS

9A	Marlene Johnson, Richard Jacobson
9B	Anice Krug, Bob Owad
9C	Nancy Bowen, Janice Staples
9D	Gary Tucker, Marion Turner
9E	Carole Patterson, Ken Kernaghan
10A	Rosemary Charbonneau, Steve Flagg
10B	Elizabeth McLister, Leon Paroian
10C	Betty Hanson, Ann Cassan
10D	Marg North, Julie Toth
11A	Shirley Borshuk, Shirley McLean
11B	Marilyn Sinclair, Ross Archibald
11C and 12C	Kathleen Klingbyle, Jean Alexander
12A	Shirley Johnson, Morris Murchison
12B	Margaret Kossman, Stan Drabek
13A	Mary Jane Maker, John Cleminson

THIRTEEN A

At the beginning of March, we lost one of our class-mates, Myrna Wright. With well wishes and "au revoirs" she departed from our midst for Montreal, armed with a French dictionary and some friendly advice on how to handle those Frenchmen. Good luck in Montreal, Myrna!

Finally dragging ourselves away from the happy routine of classes after classes of classes, we decided to have our annual party. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins kindly sacrificed their home to our tender mercies and we sure had a swell party. Dancing and food and square-dancing and food were highlighted by the hilarious antics of one Jack Thompson. Jack seems like such a quiet serious fellow. But . . . !!

Where was Miss Munnings? Well, Friday evening had rolled into the wee hours of Saturday morn when Miss Munnings sauntered in and was greeted with "Hey, the party was last night."

* * *

Mention must be made about those fine zoology classes up in Mr. Brown's lab. We waltzed into class one morning when our beaming teacher handed out beautiful live pigeons with the order "Get to work." Chloroform and a twist of the neck made

an end of our feathered friends and fiendishly clutching scalpel and forceps, we dug in. I shall not go into the gory details, but may here be observed a few seconds' silence for the poor victims who sacrificed life and limb all in the interests of science . . .

Rumours have it that Mr. Brown has a box of small, lively kittens in the lab . . . waiting.

* * *

This class of '52 could not possibly depart from these halls of learning without leaving something to posterity.

Therefore:

Mary Jo Hopkins bequeaths her top 10 inches to Jill Armstrong.

Sandy Robertson bequeaths his Scottish accent to Patrick O'Flannigan.

John Lindsay bequeaths his old chemistry kit to Don Bradley.

Ken Bottoms bequeaths one shoe size 13 to Annie Avadesian.

Mark Johnston bequeaths 4 science-fiction magazines to Pete Stewart.

Class News

George Sutton wandered sleepily into a hotel. "I'll have a room and bath, please."

The indignant manager replied, "Well, I'll give you your room, but you'll have to take your own bath, sir."

* * *

Mr. Courtney walked into the classroom and promptly ordered "All morons, please stand up."

When no one stood up, Bob Dagenais finally rose.

Mr. Courtney replied, "Well Bob, I'm glad to see that you admit it."

Said Bob, "It wasn't that, sir. I just didn't like to see you standing up alone."

* * *

Tom (tongue-tied) Klein confidently translated in Latin class: "And Caesar ordered all the men to come to the meeting, fully-dressed."

Miss Weller suppressed a smile and corrected: "No Tom, not fully-dressed, but fully-armed."

* * *

Mrs. Boyd was practically speechless when her French class confronted her with an old university paper which carried a picture and article on one Miss Isobel Duncan, star tennis player.

Said Mrs. Boyd with much blushing, "Je crois que oui."

* * *

Mr. Brown: "Describe the brain of a pigeon, Pat."

Pat Rigg: "Strictly for the birds, sir."

* * *

ELEVEN—THIRTEEN C

Why do you like to go to Assumption, Eda?

Why does Rosemary always go to the Capitol? Jerry?

Barbara, why are you so nice to Ted in 9C?

Marilyn Stafford's saying is "Shut up, you guys."

Joyce Crew leaves at 12:40 every noon. Wonder why?

Shirley said, "Guess what, he asked me to go steady."

Eileen's marks in typing increased when Jim was absent.

Pearl has to stay home to catch up on her sleep.

Why do Gail and Sheila fight when Keith's name is mentioned?

Helen Lockie's saying is "Drop dead, Higgle."

Kathleen's favourite saying "Is he cute?"

* * *

Conversation between Sheila and Mary:

"Gee, Sheila, you should sing on a stage."

"Yah, should I?"

"Yah, the first stage out of town."

* * *

This all adds up to say "11C is the best, especially in Short-Hand?"

* * *

This year the "Special Girls" went all out in sports. We began the year right by defeating 13A to win the Volleyball Championship. As the year progressed, our basketball players showed their skill. Once again we defeated 13A, this time to win the Basketball Pennant. Better luck next year, 13A!

* * *

It was sure a shock to Tom Noble the day Ella took her blouse off by accident, or did she?

* * *

We held a big party in Mr. Courtney's room at Christmas time. There was food floating around the room and everyone had lots of fun.

* * *

13C is very proud of their members on the S.C.I. WOSSA team. They are Betty Bate, Irene Cunningham, Ella Eberwein and Joan Rudkin. They are well worth boasting about!

* * *

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE

Ella and Mr. Courtney on good terms.

Warren Dawson attending Law and Office Practice classes.

Barbara and Jean not talking together.

Betty Bate not turned around. She must like Joan.

Irene Stretavsky failing in any subject.

Bernice Robinson growing a little bit.

Betty Bruce not laughing.

Marjorie Quayle not limping.

Joan Cummings not chewing gum.

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Class News

TWELVE A

Do you know—

—that Marilyn Sylvester never does her homework—she doesn't want to take the risk of getting into the habit of it.

—that Don MacLennan and Jim Oliver park their Plymouth and De Soto in front of the school—it makes it difficult for the teachers to get their Model T's out.

—that Betty Holdsworth and Pat Shangenuk are usually late every morning—it presents a wonderful opportunity for private discussions with the principal.

—that Lorraine Courtin chews gum during school periods—it arouses the teacher's interest in her and gives her that wide awake appearance.

—that Ruth Lloyd and Florence Seofa raise their hand before going to sleep in class—it lets the teacher know that they are to be awakened at the end of the class.

—that Nellie Zajac loves to pull Alec Harris' hair—one day Mr. Steadman says that she shows her affections that way.

—that Walter Parashak handed in his essay one day late—he told Miss Scanlan that it got caught in his book.

—that Jackie Welch finally succeeded in her chemistry experiment the other day—the trouble is that it backfired and landed on the ceiling.

* * *

HIT PARADE OF 12A

Mr. Steadman—Whispering Wind

Joyce Wells—Dancing in the Dark

Walter Tereschyn—Mr. Football U.S.A.

Marrio Mierchison—I'm Bashful

Gail Morris—Hey Good Lookin'

Ethel Mercer—You're Breaking My Heart Cause You're Leaving

* * *

PERFECT GIRL OF 12A

Hair.....Lorraine Courtin

Eyes.....Miriam Dryden

Legs.....Betty Steer

Personality.....Jackie Welch

Mouth.....Ethel Mercer

Nose.....Marilyn Sylvester

* * *

PERFECT BOY OF 12A

Hair.....Bob Wade

Eyes.....Alan Trothen

Legs.....Ian Hamilton

Personality.....Bob Willoughby

Shoulders.....Jim Oliver

Nose.....Don MacLennan

Feet.....Doug Bertram

Height.....Bill Kerr

* * *

Did anyone notice Walter and Merelin exchanging glances. J. W. did. I wonder why.

Al Trothen had a football team this year called the "Mud-hens." I guess at the end of the year they got stuck in the mud.

* * *

TO THE TUNE OF "DEARIE"

12A, do you remember when Mr. Forester

Dropped phosphorous, boy, did it make a mess.

He threw water all over the table

And we began to cry.

Refrain:

Test your memory, my 12A

Do you remember the good old days gone by;

Do you remember,

Yes, we remember,

Well, 12A you're much better than I.

12A, do you remember when Mr. Steadman

Talked about good football, and then we said, "There goes the bell."

They were the periods that we enjoyed
Instead of the old history.

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Class News

THE FUTURE OF 12A

Bill Kerr—Metropolitan Opera
Ethel Mercer—Teacher at University of Toronto
Ruth Lloyd—A married nurse
Pat Shangenuk—Spinster
Alec Harris—Owner of Palace Theatre
Doug Bartram—History teacher
Joyce Wells—Ballet Dancer on TV

TWELVE B

Wouldn't it be something if—
The Orloff Bros. and Beadley ever failed
Dorothy Smith stopped talking
Allan Brent wouldn't be shy of — ?
Bob King could get along with Mr. Courtney
Dick Dungy would go back to the old homestead
Harry Fidler didn't leave French so often
Lois Bowley went without a Tony
Ken Wagner stayed awake in Chemistry
Ruth Dowdell didn't mention a certain Walkerville football player
Marg. Kossman stopped hearing those bells
Why does Stan always go to Jim Oliver's locker?? (rivals?)
Why all the notes in French to Ruby Richard?
Have you heard from Lucy lately, Bon Bon?
* * *

SAYINGS

Dungy—hens and buzzards
Drabek—I haven't got a phone
Beadley—Gasp—
Lois B.—I haven't decided
Bob K.—I'm going back home
John P.—Well! I tried
Joanne S.—I'll ask Johnny
* * *

FUTURES

Alvin Brent—Superintendent of the Y.W.C.A.
Jim Madge—Professional Swimming Champion
Marilyn Snyder—Dancing with Saddler Wells
Charlotte Watkins—Opera Star
Jack Boyer—Head of Grace Hospital
Ken Wagner—Public School Teacher
* * *

PERFECT GIRL

Hair.....	Pat Cave
Eyes.....	Ruth Dowdell
Nose.....	Wilma Backhouse
Lips.....	Joan Penhale
Hands.....	Joan Hodges
Figure.....	Dorothy Smith
Legs.....	Lois Bowley
Voice.....	Charlotte Watkins
Smile.....	Margaret Kossman
Personality.....	Joanne Sneddon
Talent.....	Marilyn Snyder

* * *

PERFECT BOY

Hair.....	Tom Noble
Eyes.....	Allan Brent
Build.....	Ken Wagner
Brains.....	Don Bradley
Voice.....	Stan Drabek
Personality.....	Jack Boyer
Talent.....	Ron Fill—our missing student

* * *

WHY

—Why is Joan Hodges unable to concentrate in Latin and French? Do you know, Jack?
—Why does Mr. Krol always look to the back of the room where there's a noise? Do you know, Dot?
—Why does Mr. Courtney always walk by when Ken is talking to a certain person in 12A?
—Why does Alvin B. stand in front of Loblaw's and gaze intently at the vegetable counter?
—Why do Donna and Marg. always stand by Mr. Robinson's room?

Class News

CHEERS GO TO

Charlotte for her good performance in the "Mikado."
 Ron for his lead in the commencement play and the "Mikado."
 Stan for his honorable mention at football season.
 Richard for his sacred position on first string Senior Basketball.

Our boys in the class for winning the Upper School Basketball Pennant with the aid of Ken, Harry, John, Bob M., Jack B., Stas and Warren D. with the able coaching of Richard Dungy.

* * *

CAN YOU PICTURE—

Miss Weller—Dictating notes to Livy.
 Mr. Courtney—Building bridges without Geometry.
 Mr. Forster—Producing fertilizer for farmers.
 Miss Harris—Ushering at the Paris Opera.
 Miss Munnings—Refusing to publish Shakespeare's works.
 Mr. Krol—Being the guillatiner at the French Revolution.

* * *

COMMON OCCURRENCES

Mr. Forster—Stan, if you don't get the equation, you can't go to W.O.S.S.A. I'll phone your mother.

Stan—I haven't got a phone.

Mr. Forster—Ken'll do it for me if he wakes up.

* * *

Miss Harris—Allan, open that notebook.
 Allan—I lost it. My vocabulary is on this paper.

* * *

Mr. Courtney—Harry, put that gum in the basket.
 Harry—Immediately.

ELEVEN A

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Jerry (Modest Boy) Weingarden: "All my life I've been troubled by beautiful women throwing themselves at my feet."

Bill Pegler: "How fast will it go in second?"

Jo-ann Caton and Marilyn Hughes: "Now lass."

Marg Moore: "May I have a sheet of paper, please?"

Brian Pye: "Well, ah —"

Roger Wright: "O.K. Buddy, Blues why don't you stay away from me."

Shirley Beere (in French class): "What page are you on, Shirl?"

Mavis McCuaig: "Oh!!!"

Bill Ellis: "Spot you twenty."

* * *

The students of Eleven A class
 Are Miss Philpot's pleasure,
 For all the others we surpass
 And go beyond our measure.
 There is Anne with brains galore,
 And Nancy hopes to beat her score;
 Tousignant who's an English whiz
 Competes with Grace's every quiz;
 Lang's a riot with the girls,
 And strongly admires Barbara's curls.
 Jean and Jerry have their troubles;
 And Cecile thinks Physics is all bubbles;
 Doris winks at every boy;
 And Borshuk is loved through being coy.
 Jo-ann and Marilyn are like fish in the pool
 And Marlene and Esther towards us are cool;
 Eleanor who seldom with us is present
 Finds Bill Butterfield very pleasant;
 Thomson is our humour man
 Who gets us into plenty of jams;
 There's Pete and Ken who aren't very tall;
 And also Catherine who tops us all;
 McLean's the kid who likes to know why,
 And Roger's the fella who always gets by.
 Art and Merv end our burst of poetic glee
 Oh! but there's Zolinski before we flee.

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Class News

Why is it that Caro Armstrong sits and day-dreams through classes? (Could it be Dave?)

* * *

Have you noticed how starry-eyed Anne Haeberlin has been lately? Well, Anne???

* * *

Who's the young man who thought he was "Hopalong Cassidy" and tied Mrs. Haeberlin's chair to her desk? (Consult Pete (Slipnlong) Stewart, the expert roper).

* * *

One October Friday night, after a football game, while driving her car down Wyandotte street, Evelyn Testori was heard saying as she approached the traffic signal at Bruce Avenue: "What colour is the light? Red or green? I can't see that far."

* * *

Eleven A boasts of many athletes: Volleyball—Mavis McCuaig, Anne Haeberlin and Caro Armstrong. Senior Boys' Football—Gutto Ambedian, Richard Myers, Ed Thomson, Ed Zolinski and Jerry Weingarden. Basketball—Senior Girls—Anne Haeberlin, Jo-ann Caton, Marilyn Hughes and Caro Armstrong. Junior Boys—Jerome Weingarden. Senior Boys—Ed Thomson. Hockey—Gutto "Red Light" Ambedian, Brian Pye and Richard Myers.

ELEVEN B

On February 16, 11B held their class party in the recreation room of Marilyn Sinclair's home. During the evening—filled with a wide variety of entertainment—the boys found the pool table, played a miniature football game, and had a long search for the previously hidden ping-pong table, while the girls chatted and attempted to teach the boys to waltz. After passing life savers and oranges, doing the Virginia Reel, and Square Dancing the evening closed with a snow-ball dance before luncheon.

* * *

11B led the school in the operetta ticket sales. Mr. Forster rewarded the class with one large chocolate bar which Miss Gurney divided among the class members. Out of graciousness of 11B's big heart, the wrapper was taken to Miss Philpot's 11A where it was received with "thanks for small mercies."

* * *

Dorothy Lucas reminds us of the Carolina professor. When she feels a desire to exercise she immediately goes to sleep.

* * *

What certain cheer leader finishes a cheer with PEP, steam, Skcczen team.

* * *

Imagine what would happen if . . .

Morley Pattison made it to school with one minute to spare.

Marg Bradley didn't have a mirror in her locker.

Barbara Allen had her notes up to date.

The three Franks wouldn't all stand up at once.

Tom Yates passed Latin.

Rich Howitt took Guenther's advice and drove up a certain driveway (which wasn't there).

Annelle Chappus, the LaSalle Belle, stopped giggling.

Archie Dease stopped blushing when Pat Teahan stands up.

Ron Wilson left his locker unlocked.

* * *

CLASS POEM

We are the class of Eleven B

We've lots of talent as you will see.

At the head of our class—Miss Gurney, the captain,

When she's in sight there's surely no nappin'.

In music Charlotte and Jack ring the bell,

To say nothing of our little Annelle.

There are also Pat Teahan and Ron Finn in the crowd

Of this little group we're awfully proud.

Morley, Pete, Tom and Ross as a basketball team.

Class News

To win a game you should see them scheme.
It takes Gordon and Alan with George as a crow
To keep Jean McAlpine in the middle of a stew.
There's Lorraine and Donna, the winsome gals;
And Marilyn and Jean who are good little pals.
We've Ron Wilson and Archie Dease who with knowledge
overflow

But to pass Judy Steadman they really have to go.
When together, Cecile and Kathy are a riot
As opposites Bruce and Marvin are quiet,
Barbara and Marg both have blonde hair;
And there's Rose and Delores—a tall and short pair.
There's Robinson, Stedman, Rosella—all Franks
On the teachers they always like to play pranks.
In the morning when Jerry is leaving his home
Out on the farm we find wee petite Joan.
Boyfriends Dorothy does beguile,
Rita charms them with her smile.
With Rich Howitt and his LaSalle home brew,
Our class is really quite a crew.

—Jean Clark.

TEN A

PERFECT 10A GIRL

Hair.....	Sylvia Saul
Eyes.....	Margaret Carson
Nose.....	Carole Gloude
Teeth.....	Eva Patterson
Smile.....	Rosemary Charbonneau
Complexion.....	Jean Law
Legs.....	Joan Dragomir
Personality.....	Phyllis Klein

* * *

PERFECT 10A BOY

Hair.....	Jim Holmes
Eyes.....	Don McLeod
Physique.....	Fred Todman
Nose.....	Michael Moore
Dimples.....	Cliff Armstrong
Eyelashes.....	Michael Carroll
Personality.....	David Marsden
Adam's Apple.....	Frank Dietzel

* * *

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF INFAMOUS PEOPLE

Doreen Wells: "Judy, the key!"
Dolores Doyle: "Oh, fiddle!"
Michael Franko: "Oh brother."
Frank Dietzel: "Would you please repeat that, Miss Scarfone"
Mary Jean Henderson: "Lend me your homework."

* * *

IMAGINE

Jim Caffray without his curls
Don McLeod being on time for school
Jon De Laurier without his brush-cut
Ed James six feet tall.

* * *

In Junior Girls' Public Speaking for grades nine and ten,
there were four 10A competitors, two of whom were finalists—
Diane Yates (champion) and Ann Johnston (third). Judy Kidd
and Margaret Carson also did a very good job. Doug Paton of
10A won the Junior Boys' Public Speaking contest.

* * *

Now that Mike Carroll is gone, I'm sure everyone will miss
him, especially the girls.

* * *

Ten A is the class that's the pride of the school,
The students are quiet and good as a rule
There's Kisch our Adonis and Jill with her brains
Who spends her time talking to sport-loving James.
As for Michael and Jeanie each giggles and talks,
They fool even teachers with eyes sharp as hawks.
Art Arbour's a joker who sleeps as a rule
Whenever he happens to get to the school,
And McLeod "en retard" flashes baby blue eyes
Arousing the girls into breath-taking sighs.
You can see from the samples 10A has the best,
Why bother with poems of praise to the rest?

—Judy Kidd.

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Class News

When the teachers played the seniors, Mr. Whetstone, our home-room teacher, in his fancy shorts, came through with a couple of baskets. He was definitely the teachers' star player.

* * *

Jerry Cattanach: "Hey Cliff, have you read the book called 'What Every Woman Wants?'"

Cliff: "No, but did the author spell my name right?"

* * *

CLASS PARTY

The 10A class party was held at Jill Armstrong's house. We all had a fine time except for Mike Moore who burned his hand in the incinerator. Jim Caffray was noted dancing with Joan Dragomir, and Bruce McLagan was too busy talking to Muriel Douey to dance. Arthur Arbour called for the square dancing and called so loud that the house shook.

Margaret Carson was playing ten pins for the first time. She wound up; the ball went back. What went down the alley, Marg?

TEN B

In basketball our boys finished second losing out by one point in the finals. Bill Johnstone, Bob Hamilton, Leon Paroian, Paul Ariss and Gary Parker were the first line and never went down without a fight.

* * *

LIST OF MERITS

10B placed Bob Ord, Bill Powers, Clarence Beaulieu, Lorne Willis and Bill Gardiner on the school hockey team.

Martha Elliott and Deanne Whiteside played with the Girls' Basketball Team.

Art Henderson played some good games of basketball on the first line of the Junior Boys' Team, along with Bill Johnston and Bob Hamilton.

We won a prize for selling the most tickets to the "Mikado" (92.50)

Paul Ariss played on the football team along with Lorne Willis who was a star on the defence.

We wish to congratulate Zeon Zubricki, a new pupil from the Ukraine, on the fine job he has done in accomplishing the speaking of English and for doing so well in every other subject. He has not only brains but also a swell personality.

* * *

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Richard Randall being tall
Jack Ohler being small
Bob Ord without a girl,
Clarence Beaulieu without his curl
Bill Johnson without red hair
Jack Beadle with a care
Bill Gardiner being awake,
Deanne Whiteside baking a cake
Shirley Snyder without her tongue
Fred Smith not playing a drum
Martha Elliot being on time
Bob Makar spending a dime.

—Bill Powers.

* * *

Bus Driver—Fare, please.

Dave Wilson—faire, faisant, fait, je fais.

* * *

Mr. Robinson—And why are you late this morning?
Nina Mudry—Two boys were following me and they were walking terribly slow.

Class News

M is for Makar who won't spend a dime
I is for ink which is spilt all the time.
S is for Stephenson who always loves to fool,
S is for Sorenson who hates to miss school.

S is for Shangenuk who has not a worry or care,
C is for Catherine who works all through spare.
A is for Art who is really a scream
N is for Nina who is really a dream.
L is for Lorne who doth 90 percent receive,
A is for Arris whose countenance doth deceive.
N is for the noise which is not very rare.

And which helps get into everybody's hair.

—Bill Johnson and Leon Paroian.

* * *

Although Art is fast on his feet in basketball he never seems to get to school two minutes before the bell rings.

* * *

A VISIT TO THE HISTORY CLASS

Suppose you take a trip with me
Up to Mr. Steadman's room to visit with 10B.
The first thing that we notice as we enter in the door
Is that Lorne's throwing paper and it's landing on the floor.
"In just what shape is Canada today?" the teacher then inquires;
But Leon gets his current events from previous month's Esquires.
And now it's handsome Robert who the answer thinks he knows.
But you can't get information from a group of "uhs" and "ohs".
Elsie fights with Martha for some pencil that she took,
And Richard Randall's reading his supplementary book.
The bell rings; and the students all go tearing out the door,
We know by now the History class will finish after four.
There's a few I didn't mention but I'm running out of rhyme.
Don't think you got off easy for I'll come to you next time.

TEN C

QUITE A CHANGE!

It is five years hence and we are walking down Ouellette Ave. We take a peek into the seventy-three story C. H. Smith store where we see Nancy Aiken, Joan Chappus, and Jean Grant working hard in the top department. The manager is none other than Dick Waldron, the business man himself. A little further down the street on the Palace Theatre marquee, we see that the famous movie star, Shirley Kinney, is starred in the inspiring movie "To Have and to Hold," written, produced and directed by Moya Reid. As we cross the street, we shake hands with Windsor's first woman mayor, Betty Jean Clark. We pick up a newspaper from the newsboy Norman Lamoureux and find out from the front page that Dollie Nolin and Anne Cassan have made their first successful trip to Mars. On the second page we see that Carol Brown, Cecile Legault and Cynthia McCabbe are bashful brides. We see that the comic strip "Smoky Stoker" has been drawn and written by Betty Turner, Janet Beiber and Donna Lajoie. On the society page we find that Elsie Way, Beverly Chadwick and Beverly Battersby have become prominent debutantes in New York. We now climb aboard a bus driven by Dollie Meloche and are in the vicinity of S.C.I. As we walk down these familiar halls we look into the Math class where we see Helen Wood, Anna Singer, and Odessa Carpenter still sweating out their Math. In Mr. Silcox's room we see that he is still trying to pound Record-Keeping into the heads of Annie Avadesian, the two Barbaras, Kett and Barker, and the two Pats, Reynod and Marsden and Gloria Hagarty. As we walk out of school and past Marlene Cosgrave's mansion we see Gladys Van Lith and Marilyn Hawkin talking to each other over a couple of baby buggies. We thought we needed a little refreshment so we dropped in on Rose Losoncsy and one of her gay parties where Mary Ellen Shearon was serving the COKE. What about us, you ask? Why, don't you remember? You bought some peanuts from us only half an hour ago!

—Pat Smith, Betty Hanson.

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Class News

Our 10C girls are queens of the court
We're full of pep and zest
We enter in most every sport,
And win or lose we do our best.
We have a class that's lots of fun,
But we are ready and willing to go,
And in our class there isn't one,
You wouldn't like to know.
We're proud that we are from 10C
Each one in her own way,
This is the place we like to be
And the place we'd like to stay.
Of all the teachers, we've got the best,
Mr. Silcox is his name.
We make him mad but you could guess
He loves us just the same. —Betty Hanson.

* * *

SPORTS

Volleyball—Betty Jean Clark.

Basketball—10C girls won the pennant—Shirley Kinney, Pat Smith, Betty Hanson, Joan Chappus, Gloria Hagarty, Beverly Battersby, Beverly Chadwick.

Swimming—Annie Avadesian, Shirley Kinney, Betty Hanson.

P.S.—10C-D boys won the basketball pennant. 10D couldn't have done without 10C's own star, Norman Lamoureux.

TEN D

THINGS TO BOAST ABOUT

10D girls won the interform volleyball pennant with the aid of such stars as Evelyn Crowder, Penny Whittle, and Joan Napier. Only one point kept the girls from winning the basketball pennant. Orchids to Bev. Pitts, captain; Joan Napier, top scorer; Penny (Hook-shot) Whittle, Carolyn (Punchy) Minielly, Gail Welch, and Evelyn Crowder who were top-notch performers.

Our boys showed splendid team work by winning the junior basketball pennant. 10C's contribution to the team was Norm Lamoureux. Grant Wood was the top scorer and Don Williams got the winning point.

Our class party which took place at Don Williams' home, still keeps us talking about—

Ellen Fera's stories about "Good Old Sudbury."

Bob Maddock and ? going for a walk to ?.

Julie's sudden illness.

Dick Bates' absence—baby (?) sitting?

Don Williams, our host, who left the party to visit the neighbours.

* * *

FAVOURITE SAYINGS

Jerry Baker during the hockey game: "I didn't see the puck."

Bill Grey: "Gad-zooks."

Ken Young: "Down, girl, down."

Rod Lafontaine: "Take off, Corny!"

Don Williams: "Beat it, Young."

Janet Avery: "Mes amies, I got a date with . . . ummmm."

Jack Coxon: "Hey Ethiopian!"

Eddie Hrickovian: "I was sick, Mr. Robinson."

* * *

PUZZLERS

Why does Carolyn Minielly make dates with 10D boys and then break them?

Why did Mr. Whetstone move Marg. North and Julie Toth?
Mr. Whetstone's answer: "Positive and negative charges attracting."

Eddie Hrickovian is at school.

Class News

WOULDN'T IT BE SOMETHING IF:

Stan Smythe would stand still when answering in class? Dick Bate would not talk to the girl behind him? Barbara Vott would stop staring at the boy across the aisle? Fred Long had his homework done? Glen Cockbain lost that puzzled look? Bill Grey didn't take an afternoon snooze? Larrie McLean became a Latin and French scholar? Joan Napier didn't giggle during class? Arlene spoke up in class? Roseann and Darlene stopped talking? Ruthann stopped getting into trouble with the teachers.

* * *

FAVOURITE SAYINGS OF OUR TEACHERS

Mr. Steadman: Class, keep quiet!
Miss Munnings: Where's your dictionary?
Mr. Whetstone: I still think 10A will beat 10D one of these days.
Miss Scarfone: Quinze minutes après la classe.
Miss Gurney: You act like a bunch of morons!
Miss Philpot: Can anyone swear to it that they weren't talking? O.K. One conduct mark from everyone!

* * *

20 YEARS FROM NOW

Dave Rudkin: Electrical engineer.
Ken Bradley: Another Einstein. Fishing in his spare time.
Penny Whittle: Girls' basketball coach.
Don Williams: Surgeon. (bisecting frogs).
Ron Ferchuck: Bartender.
Helen Domagala: Testing gum at Wrigley's.

NINE A

This year as Sandwich presented its annual operetta, 9A came out on top of all the grade nines, selling \$63.00 worth of tickets. Our top seller was Stan Magrath. Eight students from our class took part in this presentation.

* * *

Fran Humphrey—Does a person get a detention for something they didn't do?

Teacher—No.

Fran—That's good. I didn't do my homework.

* * *

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF —

Jean Sorrell started to do some school work?

John Sparling used words the rest of the class could understand?

Mary Sibley stayed in the room for fifteen minutes before school?

Sandra McLahey stopped growing?

Albert McDonald stopped fighting with Marjorie Wright?

Stuart Klein didn't stand first?

* * *

I wonder why Miss Graham has nothing to say
About the good class in the school which of course is 9A!
The teachers ask us to please pay attention,
They just give up and give us detentions,
The kids in 9A are good as a rule,
What's it like they ask, to be kicked out of school?
Of course, Sandra McLahey is never found talking,
And Stuart Klein's low marks are really quite shocking,
And Fran Humphrey, in her seat you'll never find there,
She's always sitting close to a boy with red hair.
At the back of the room, sits Bert McDonald with poise
From back there, of course, you'll never hear noise.
Barbara Dawson, who's always sitting up straight,
Never looks at a boy till she's outside the gate.
Yes, 9A's as good as good can be,
And I'm sure if you knew us, with us you'd agree.

NINE B

Here are some tales that 9B tells

That you will like in every way.

My first is the tale of Keith Shorter,

Who is our hero and a good sporter.

Next is the tale of Jerry Holson the slender—

Who's often called the worst offender.

Bill Waldren is Tamara's whim,

They make a pair; she's "red-head", he's "slim."

I know if Carol Kipps were held up for ransom

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Class News

The first to help her would be Bob Davis, boy! is he handsome!

Now when Bruce Wellman masters his tenses,
Mrs. Haeberlin will think he's come to his senses.
But that's not all, well, look who's here!
Isn't that Ray Klingbille with wheaties in his beard.

And last of all Mrs. Haeberlin quotes,
In comes John Braithwaite with his unfinished notes.
Sharon Zimmerman and Stan Smythe make quite a pair,
But sometimes Sharon gets into his hair.

When Jimmy McDonald hears Jenny coming down the hall,
He sticks his head out and says, "Oh you doll!"

When Joyce Cummings sits with Ken Kernaghan you hear such a chatter,
Somebody comes up and says what's the matter.
Mary McKinnon should be careful in driving a car,
She bumps into lamp posts wherever they are.

Jean Jaques and Marilyn Perry make quite a pair,
They wish it were a trio with Don Smith, right there!

And poor Eileen Lesperance—she gets along with the boys
But sometimes she thinks she is Helen of Troy.

Barbara Kish, does she have trouble!
Every time she's in the bath she swallows every bubble.

Patrick and Fred Casey are two little brothers,
When Pat has a girl friend, Fred tells his mother.

Frances Bomak should stay home on week-ends,
For when she comes to school her stories never end.

Shirley Sisson is a girl who giggles and cackles,
She seems to like boys with red hair and freckles.

All in all, we of Nine B
Are happy and gay, and always care-free.

NINE C

Now here's a class worth speaking about
It fills with laughter when the teacher's out,
Never will stop until he mentions
Each and every class detention
Causing them to really shout.

* * *

WOULDN'T IT BE SURPRISING IF:

For just once Gary Stiers was on time,
Audrey Taylor was wide awake.
Doug didn't get moved up to the front seat.
Betty Stewart wasn't talking.
Janice came out of that dream,
Ken Williams could do math.
Pat Hellier went steady for a week.
Margaret Ford spoke back to a teacher.
Rosie wasn't laughing.
May Sirdashney quit flirting with Dick.
Shirley dropped Don for good,
Jean Le Claire didn't hand in a late-slip
Bev gave Oscar Lawson just one date,
Dean wasn't making eyes at Elsie,
What a funny world this would be if all these were true!

* * *

PERFECT LADY

Eyes	Pat Hellier
Mouth	Audrey Taylor
Nose	Margaret
Eyelashes	Carole
Complexion	Marion
Hair	Shirley
Legs	Janise Staples
Figure	Jeanette Parr
Personality	Nancy
Smile	Rosie Rosella
Brains	Donna

PERFECT GUY

Eyes	Dean Saul
Mouth	Ted
Hair	Ken
Build	Avery Smith
Legs	Dick
Personality	Bill Fyke
Brains	Terry
Freckles	Al Brady

Class News

GUESS WHO?

There is a fellow in our class,
Who is a barb they say
For this guy there is no hope,
He is a barb to stay.

He dribbles through the whole darn game
And scores a lot it's true,
But when it comes to writing exams
This boy is really through.

He can hit a lot of home runs
And catch a lot of flies,
But when it comes to getting dates
Why he can't even tie his ties.

He is also quite a swimmer
And quite a diver too!
He swims just like a rock
And dives the same way too!

He tried to be a teacher's pet
And succeeds in doing so,
But when it comes to being smart
This boy is really a shmoe!

He likes to have you around
If you have the dough;
But if you ask him for a loan
He always says "Go blow."

He is really a nice guy tho,
And we all like him a lot
But we don't think he should try to be
Something he is not!

* * *

SPECIAL NOTICES

Why is Marion Sprague so happy in 9C? Could it be that
LeRoy Girard is in the same clas?

* * *

FAVOURITE SAYINGS

Harvey Courtland—"Friends and fellow students, lend me
your homework!"

Gary Stiers—"Y'a-t-il de question?"

Nancy Bowen—"Where's Bob?"

Pat Hellier—"La de dah."

Ken Williams—"I hope I got at least 10 on this exam."

Janice Staples—"You've got rocks in your head."

Bev Melville—"Did you know —"

Avery Smith—"Oh Yeh!"

* * *

My story is of Mr. Krol, you know,
Right now he's really loaded with dough.

Kids all like him very much,
Really we do, although we don't show such.
Oh, sometimes he makes you storm and rear, but
Let's all give a cheer for the teacher of the year.

NINE D

SAYINGS OF OUR CLASSMATES—

Bill Howitt: Ah! Spring. It must be love.

Doreen Unsworth: Hi! Honey.

Betty Quick: I don't live in LaSalle. I live across the creek.

Betty Hackney: If it's a Ford it must be good.

Fred Alexander: What are you—a joker?

* * *

S is for Sandra who likes all the boys,
A is for Arline who shares in the joys,
N is for Nancy whom we haven't got,
D is for Doreen who talks a lot,
W is for William whom all the girls adore,
I is for games in which we never score,
C is for Connie who's always fixing her hair,
H is for Harold who falls off the chair.

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Class News

I WONDER . . .

Why Bob Davis is always in Mrs. Haeberlin's room. (Carol?)
Why Marion Turner slapped Bill Howitt's face. There certainly are queer ways of showing affection.

What would happen if Jackie Jackson would pronounce her words right.

Why 9B girls brought Mrs. Haeberlin so many pieces of cake. (Just before the exams.) And why did she have to eat it in front of 9D. (SOB)

Why Bill Thilbeault quit school? (Maybe Emily Brown chased him too much.)

What would happen if Arelen McKee would keep quiet for five minutes?

What would happen if Marion Turner and Betty Hackney got to school before the first bell?

* * *

Mrs. Boyd to Doug Long: "What do you call a person who keeps on talking when no one else is listening?"

Doug: "A French teacher."

* * *

Scene: Essex County Jail 10 years from now.

Gary: "How long are you in for?"

Stuart: "99 years. How long are you in for?"

Gary: "77 years."

Stuart: "You take the bed nearest the door because you get out first."

* * *

What would teachers be if they were not teachers???

Mrs. Haeberlin: Oiling the chairs at a rocking club.

Mr. Krol: Modeling bow ties at Smith's.

Miss Scanlon: Metropolitan (5c and 10c).

NINE E

Congratulations, Phyllis Smith for coming in second in the Public Speaking contest. Good luck for the coming year!

Our girls are to be congratulated on winning both the volleyball and basketball interform pennants. Our swimmers also are top-notch. Gail, Carol, Phyllis, June, Nancy and Lou are our stars.

Our boys also were hard workers. They finished first in interform competition and only lost to 10CD by 1 point in the playoffs. Todd Richardson, Duda, Karpuick, and Roberts put us on top by their fine efforts in playing, co-operation and sportsmanship.

To add to our collection, we have been the holders of the Library Pennant for two consecutive terms.

* * *

Imagine our June in a solemn way,
And Nancy away most every day,
Verna Coatsworth without a wild notion,
Or Margaret without her hand in motion,
Think of Miss Harris with fiery red hair,
And Shirley Musson riding a mare.
Imagine Phyllis not looking sweet,
And Alex Roberts with little feet;
Or picture Irene, tall and lanky,
Pat Dufour, mean and cranky.
Remember our Carol with many a curl,
And dear little Gail, our pin-up girl.
And from this confusion of words you will see
That the class that is tops is certainly 9E.

* * *

When 9E presented Miss Harris with a Christmas present, Ken Kernaghan, in his excitement, blew his bubble gum into a huge bubble which promptly broke all over his face. Miss Harris laughed so hard that she didn't notice a bottle of ink near by and accidentally stuck her finger in it.

* * *

WONDER WHY???

Margie and Verna are always down by the Grade eleven lockers?

George Mahler is always dialing 4-90?? (Carol P. knows).
June is never facing the board? (Could it be the boy that sits behind her?)

Carol Anderson is always wandering around Wyandotte on Sundays?

Pat Dufour is always down by 9A?

Ken is always staring to his right?

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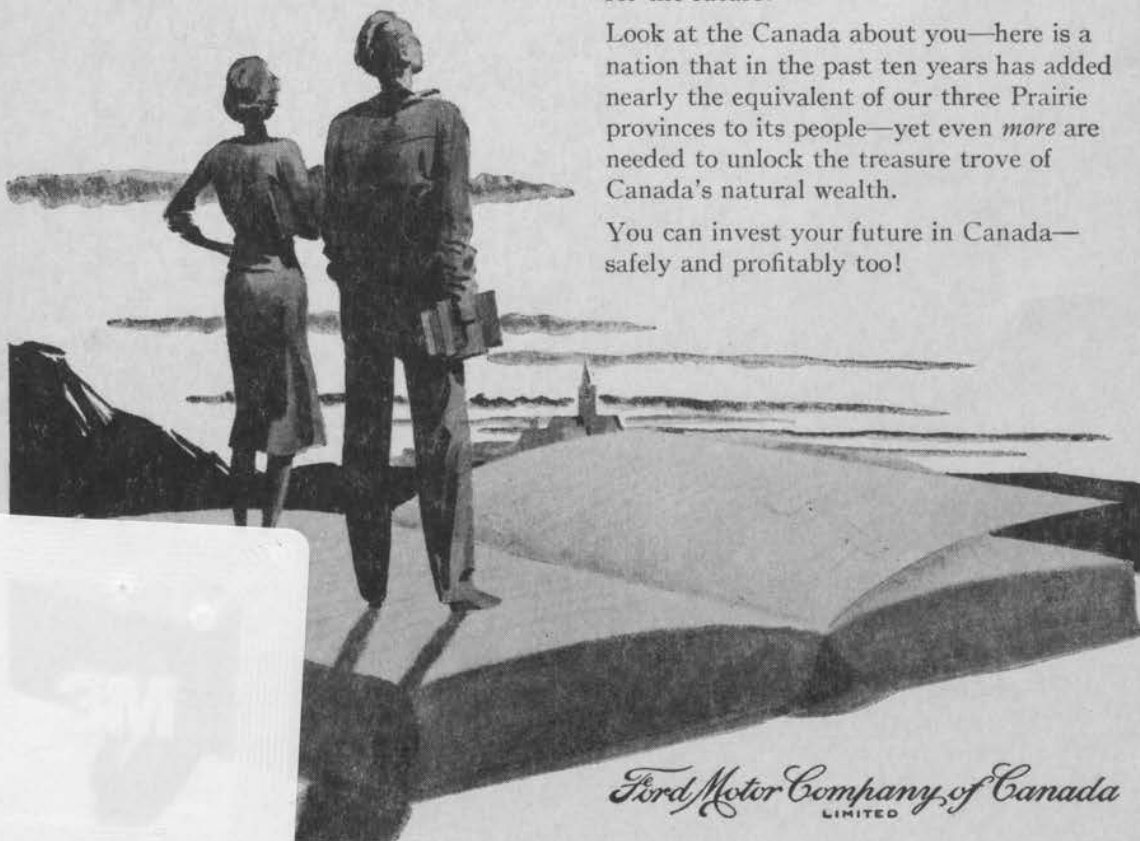
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